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"THE MOVIES ARE SENDING US ALL TO HELL," *says* MINISTER

MOVIE WEEKLY

APRIL 7, 1923 TEN CENTS

Conrad Nagel tells why Hollywood's a Hick Town

$5000 Reward
See page 10

MILDRED HARRIS

MOVIE WEEKLY
№ 9. PRINTED IN U·S·A· Vol. III

WE DID IT

We hit the bulls-eye with our last week's issue of Movie Weekly, and now we are out after a new score—a record number of hits that will astonish and delight our readers more than ever before.

Do you think we can do it? We've been practising up in our marksmanship lately and just between us, when it comes to plugging the little mark and making the bell ring, we're better than ever before, and then some!

Of course we've got some great things to shoot with and it wouldn't be our fault, really, if we didn't fail to hit the bulls-eye every time we pull the publication trigger. For instance, just cast your eye over this assortment of French seventy-fives and see for yourself whether they are the kind to lay down a barage that would break the Hindenberg line.

"Are Women Naturally Lawless" By Dorothy Dalton, an interview in which the well known screen star comments upon the tendency of her sex to run amuck when their emotions get the better of them. It's a revelation in feminine psychology.

AND WHAT'S MORE

There will be, "Are the Censors Fools or Crooks," a searching inquiry into the methods of the officials who censor our pictures.

"Do Women Like to Be Pursued?" is still another revelation in feminine likes and dislikes, this time on the subject of love, in which lovely Agnes Ayres tells what she thinks of her own sex's attitude toward men who make love to them. In contrast to Miss Ayres' viewpoint is that of Mahlon Hamilton who delivers his opinion on the subject of whether or not men like women who pursue them.

There will also be—but why spoil a good thing by telling about it? These and many more will all be in next week's issue which will be on the newsstands—Thursday.

Remember that Movie Weekly is the first fan publication with last minute news on the screen stars and their latest screen plays. No well informed fan can get along without Movie Weekly.

This Week's Cover

Is Mildred Harris, the dainty screen star, who was at one time the wife of Charlie Chaplin.

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Is This What You Want?

by Fulton Oursler

A *heart-searching* editorial on the *death* of "*Spider*" *Young*, the "*human fly*" who recently *lost his life* exploiting a *motion picture*

IN THE vast arena of Herald Square in New York City one afternoon recently, a mighty crowd was assembled.

Broadway, Sixth Avenue, and the intersecting streets were jammed.

A man in tights of silver grey stood within a roped enclosure, near the entrance of the towering Hotel Martinique. His name was "Spider" Young; his business was thrilling huge crowds with dare-devil feats of climbing up the fronts of sky-scrapers, and his job that gracious and balmy spring afternoon was to worm his way up the grim facade of the hotel until he reached the roof.

He was going to attempt that death-tempting climb in order to advertise a motion picture.

As "Spider" Young made ready for his dangerous work, the crowd clapped its hands with impatience. It was eager for the promised thrills. But "Spider" Young was not the man to keep them waiting. He paused long enough for but one formality. Beside him within the ropes was a girl with red lips and blue eyes and hair of wheat gold.

She was his bride.

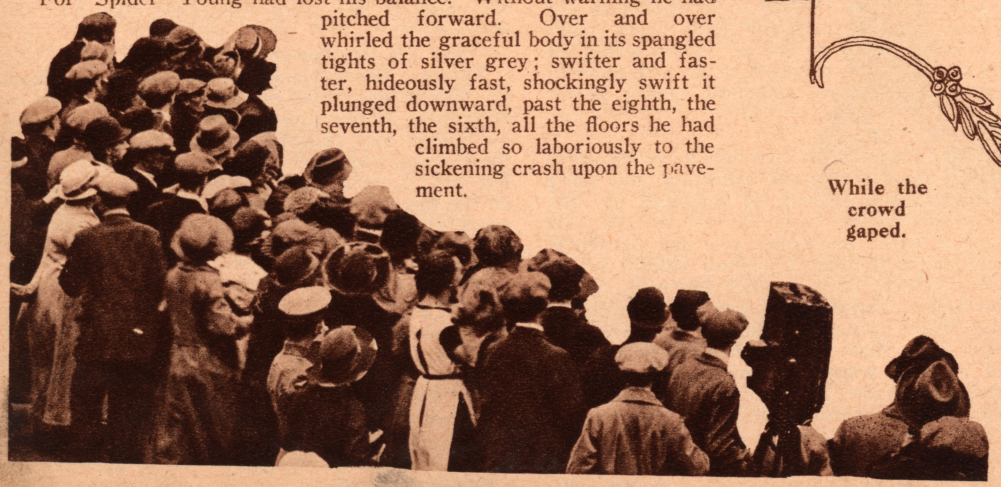
He smiled at her affectionately, wafted her a kiss, and turned away.

A moment later he was started on his hazardous creep up the unfriendly bricks of the gigantesque walls. One floor, another, a third, and now he kicked out a foot in derision at the gaping, anxious mass of humanity watching him from the silenced streets. He passed the fourth floor, wagging his leg in merry signal to his audience; the fifth, the sixth, the seventh, the eighth, the ninth.

At the ninth floor he paused. He was a bit tired. Hauling up his slender, graceful form, he reached a window sill and sat down to catch his breath.

And as he sat there, he waved his feet and his hands at the mob, and a great cheer of encouragement rose to him from the sidewalks. It was a mighty cheer; a hoarse and happy shout, but it died away suddenly, fearfully, awfully, into a frightful quiet.

For "Spider" Young had lost his balance. Without warning he had pitched forward. Over and over whirled the graceful body in its spangled tights of silver grey; swifter and faster, hideously fast, shockingly swift it plunged downward, past the eighth, the seventh, the sixth, all the floors he had climbed so laboriously to the sickening crash upon the pavement.



While the crowd gaped.

The *Hotel Martinique*, up the grim facade of which *"Spider" Young* climbed to the ninth story, where he lost his hold and pitched headlong to the street beneath

The silence was maddening. From the crowd then came a long-drawn moan of pity, shock and grief.

But from the lips of the girl bride with the blue eyes and the red lips and the hair of wheat gold, there came a scream of agony.

"Spider" Young was dead.

And for whom did he die?

Did he die for you and for me? If it be answered that he died for the public, are not you and I a part of that public?

(*Continued on page 27*)

The MOVIES are

says Dr. John Roach Straton

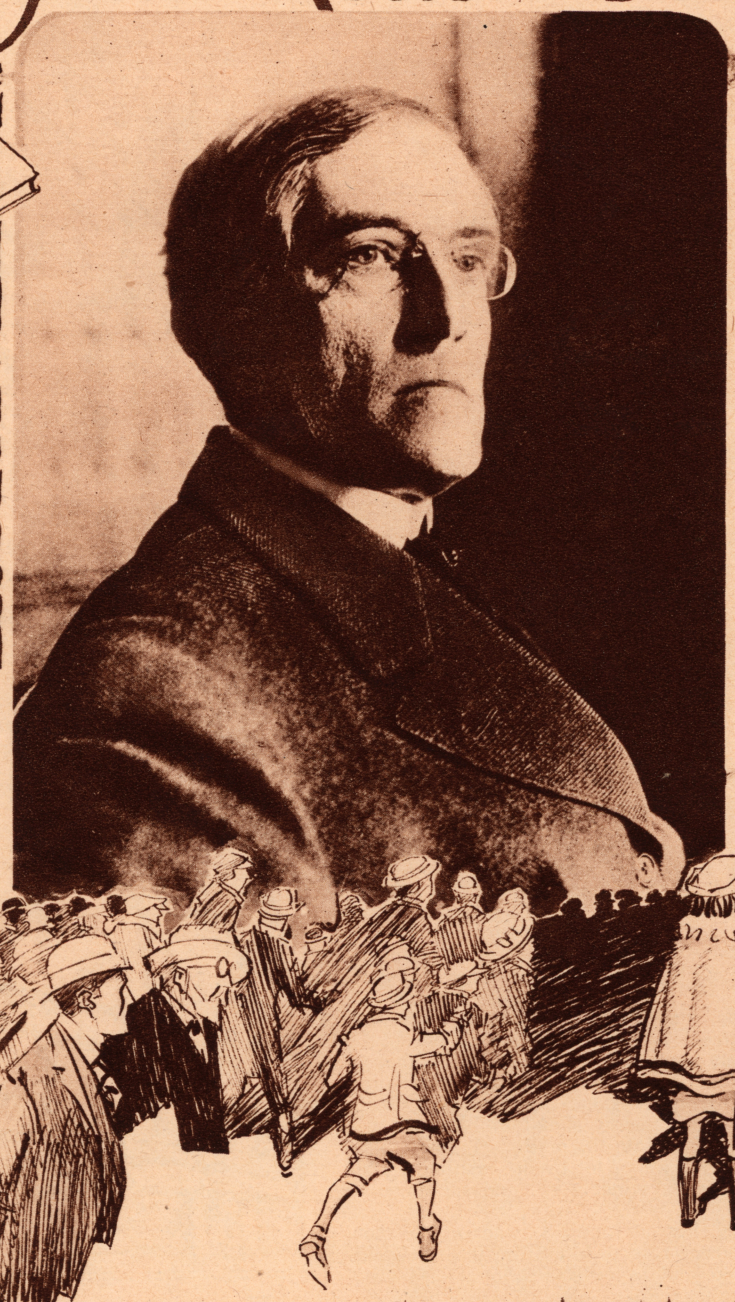
Well *known* clergyman *grants* interview *to* Movie Weekly *representative* and *denounces* entire *industry*—Calls *screen* "Immoral"

By T. H*oward* K*elly*

IF THIS country does not go straight to hell on an overnight debauch, we will be in miraculous luck!"

This is the way Doctor John Roach Straton, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, New York, answered me when I asked him to tell me what he thought of the influence of the motion pictures upon our American morals. If you know Dr. Straton at all—and who has not heard of this vigorous preacher who entered the lists of controversy a few months ago with William A. Brady, the theatrical manager—you must realize that he is one man who does not believe in sailing under false colors.

He never fails to take a very definite stand on any question brought to his attention, and furthermore, he does not mince words in expressing his opinions.



Portrait of *Dr. John Roach Straton*, who recently declared that "God Almighty never intended that the sex emotions of a fifteen-year-old girl should be stampeded into action . . . by the movies."

In his mind a spade is an implement for digging the earth and not a silver spoon. Consequently he lost no time in telling me that he considers the movies and the fast spirit of this age as the greatest combined menace to our morals.

AROUSED by what he considers a Satanic force which is driving weak humanity like sheep towards the gates of hell, he reminded me that Rome crashed down from her seven hills only after sinful luxury and silken vice had gnawed at her soul and body like a preying vulture in the gorgeous feathers of a peacock for many years. Before Rome's famed halls and walls crumbled into the Tiber's tawny tide; before her wives and daughters lost that virtue which Romans once toasted in their wines at home and beyond the Rubicon, and before her warriors fell slaves to the lusts of their pampered flesh, Dr. Straton said there was ample time for the city to repent of its evil ways.

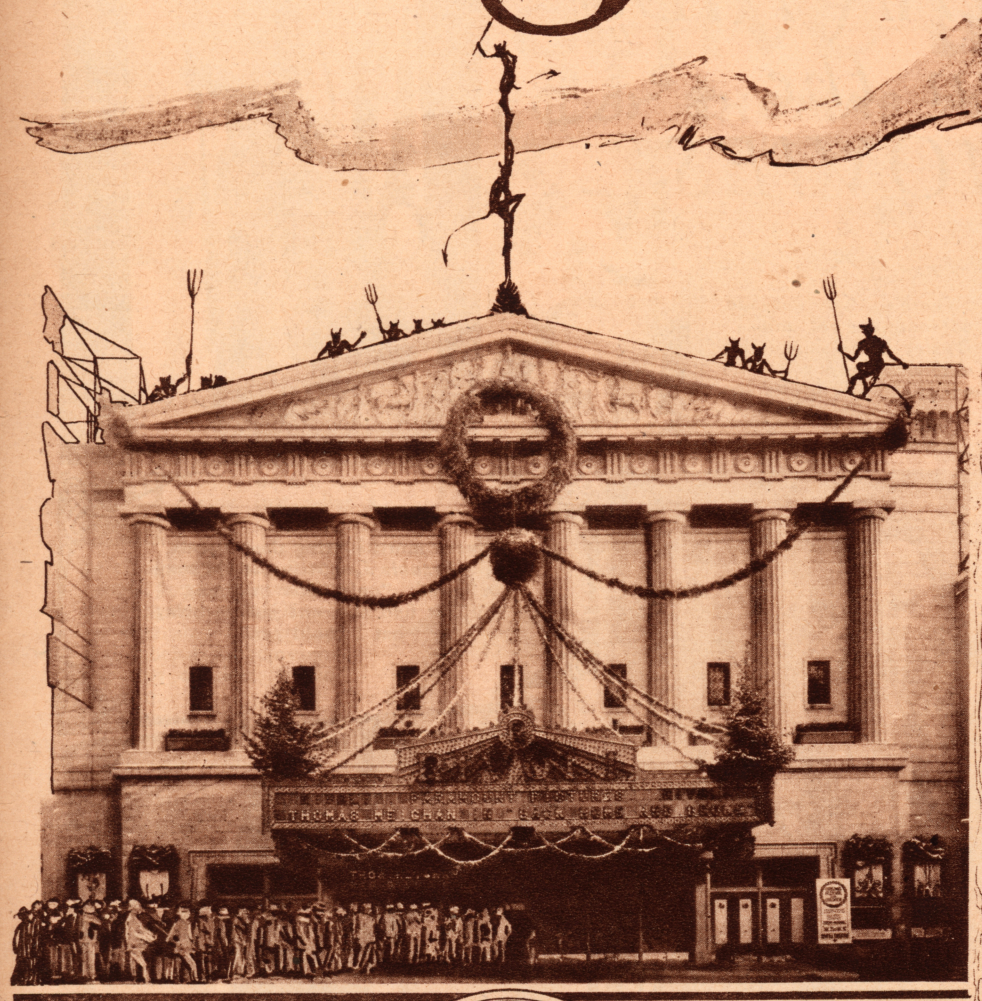
Sitting in the security of his study, it was hard for me to believe that there was an ominous warning in his reminder. But, he made it emphatic that your country and my country will not be allowed an hour of grace before she topples into the seething morass of lost nations. We are expected to plunge headlong over the brink of moral disaster, pushed to our doom by a hell-bent force which is helping to corrupt the country's morals by suggesting sex and crime to children in every American hamlet and metropolis!

"How are the movies sending us to hell?"

This was the first question I asked, as I realized he was blaming the motion picture industry in large part as the sinister power that is tempting our adults and children to snap their fingers at those codes which all right-living people ought to live by. I am certain that this same question is on the lips of every reader of Movie Weekly, and every fan who has found relaxation, amusement, education, laughter, romance and life lessons on the silver screen.

DOCTOR STRATON had an answer for this question which also furnishes his personal analysis of what is wrong with the morals of the Twentieth Century. The world, he says, is laughing at the Bible and scorning the Sunday School; it is belittling home ties and seeking nothing but the gratification of the body and the senses, because the minds of children are being flooded with a highly colored portrayal of life through the

sending us all to HELL,



means of moving pictures, racy literature and risque stage plays that arouse a lust for the things which kill the soul.

"You are against any kind of dramatic exhibitions even if they are true to life?" I asked him.

"I am fundamentally opposed to the commercialization of all amusements on the grounds that those who produce entertainment for profit are prone to cater to the animal desires of our nature," he declared. "The movies being the most popular and accessible form of commercialized entertainment in the world today, present the greatest evil, because they have become a dangerous habit with millions upon millions of people."

The *Rivoli Theatre* in *New York*—one of the finest motion picture houses in the world. These doors would be closed if *Dr. Straton* had his way.

SITTING at the desk at which he prepares his impressive sermons, Dr. Straton said this habit is as perilous and destructive as that lonely tragic vice which recently robbed the screen of one of its most lovable characters. "The movie habit is just like the dope habit," cried the pastor of Calvary. "It is even worse . . . more deadly . . . because it sinks poisonous fangs into the bodies and souls of little innocent children, whereas morphia and cocaine rarely ever victimize children."

He asked me to consider that the world has only recently broken completely away from its old-fashioned moorings of respectability, and the fear of God. This break, it was pointed out, is coincidental with the arrival of the movies as a habit in our daily lives.

People did not boast of loose morals a few years ago. Nor did women drink and smoke. Dancing was a graceful game, not an opportunity for young men and women to boldly embrace each other in public, and justify their animalistic positions by calling such things dancing. It is Doctor Straton's conviction that such a state of affairs could not have come into existence as a general thing unless some force or propaganda exploited it favorably to the public.

In a source of popular amusement where dance scenes are always being featured, he said, there is no wonder that the audience goes away impressed by the constant repetition of situations which excite our inherent propensity to kick over the moral traces.

"God Almighty never intended that the sex emotions of a fifteen-year-old girl should be stampeded into action as they are today by the movies . . . dancing . . . and suggestive books," declared the pastor, rising from his chair to denounce cheek-to-cheek dancing. In other words, he means that the entire moral and physical scheme of life is being swept along by the movies, which he says are mainly responsible for modern dancing. For instance, girls are experiencing sex reactions long before the laws of God and nature intended them to do. And boys are being led into temptations before they are well along in their teens.

HE CALLED my attention to the high school situation today, as proof of his belief. "Young high school boys are nothing but girl hunters. I notice that a well-known magazine openly suggests that our young flappers, our stenographers and office girls, have taken the place of the prostitute in all of our big cities! This periodical laughs at such a menacing situation, which it claims exists all over America. A few years ago, no magazine would have dared publish such a statement. I cannot forget that the movies did not exist a few years ago."

Undoubtedly this Baptist clergyman believes that the films are fundamentally vicious and immoral. This belief is apparently founded upon the theory that to describe life in a vivid and dramatic pictorial manner is sinful because it turns the thoughts of movie fans away from the good, old-fashioned simplicity in which he says God expects us to live.

Doctor Straton has no faith in censorship as an aid to better and more wholesome pictures. He thinks film censorship is only a false front invented by the human conscience as an excuse for our brazen desires to exploit sex matters in public.

(*Continued on page* 30)

MILLION DOLLAR KIDS— in the MOVIES

"Where's that doggone, doggone dog of mine?" *Wesley Barry* sings to his uke, and the dog is fond enough of *Wesley* to listen to his music.

"How do I fill up my time?" says *Buddy Messenger*. "It isn't my time I have trouble filling."

"Every morn I bring thee violets," says *Frankie Lee*, with the old song in mind, "only this morning I couldn't find any, and had to bring what I could get."

"Yours, with a barrel of love," *Miriam Battista* might sign this picture.

"Now, you behave," says *Sunshine Sammy* to the duck. "You're only a quack, anyhow, and I won't let you get my goat."

If these strings of spaghetti were laid end to end, they'd reach—well, anyway, they'd reach farther than *Jackie* can. As *Jackie* struggles with the never-ending uncut variety, he's just as glad he wasn't born an *Italian*.

"Vamp 'em young," is *Baby Peggy's* motto, and maybe by the time she's sweet sixteen, she'll be able to tell *Cleopatra* what was wrong with her technique.

IS A HOME MAN attractive to WOMEN?

BY THOMAS MEIGHAN

As told to
Regina Cannon

FIRST of all, gentle reader, we are wondering just what a "home" man is, if any, or if men can be classified at all. Some people, you know, feel that men cannot or ought not be separated into groups and labeled as representing this or that "brand" of man.

For, ever since we were old enough to accept a box of Teft's Special, or a bunch of fringe-petaled pinks from our first beau, we have, on occasion, seen our elder sisters, aunts and cousins elevate their eyebrows, until they quite disappeared under the brims of their hats, and murmur resignedly:

"Well, my dear, what did you expect of John? You know, all men are alike!"

But since we attained the use of reason and began to exercise our gray matter a little, we feel that men are not all alike; in fact, we are sure there are as many types of men as there are kinds of fish in the sea. We are *not* mentioning men and fish together in order to make you unconsciously associate them.

Having reached this conclusion, we decided to approach the most popular male star in filmdom and get his views on the subject. By now you've guessed we set out to interview Tom Meighan.

When we were ushered into the studio, Mr. Meighan was working on his new picture "The Ne'er-Do-Well." As soon as the scene in which he had been playing had been "shot," he came over to us. We had *expected* to like Tom Meighan. Well, now we're one of the most enthusiastic Meighan fans in the country. For, when Tom Meighan talks to you in that engaging manner of his, you feel as though you're meeting an old friend. He is the boy who fixed your bicycle, the college chap who played football and patiently explained its mysteries to you, and the pal you confided your troubles to—for Tom Meighan inspires trust.

WHAT type of man," we hazarded. "do you consider the fans, especially women, like best to see on the screen?"

"The home man," replied Mr. Meighan promptly, "the man who is familiar to them."

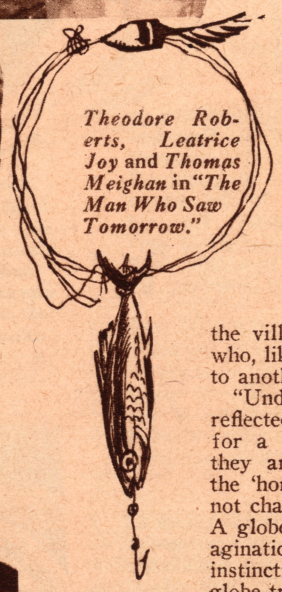
"Is he the man you have in mind when you're selecting picture material?" we inquired.

"Well," said Mr. Meighan, "it is usually a safe bet to portray characters one is likely to meet in life—one's neighbor or friend, the man at the office—anyone who is 'real.' In order to 'get over' a character, or a situation, for that matter, it has to 'ring true.' That reminds me of an incident that occurred some years ago.

"I was on the speaking stage at the time, playing leading man to a popular star. We rehearsed one sequence of a play several times and couldn't seem to 'get' it. That was an odd experience, for we usually 'ran through' the scenes easily. At last the girl remarked our lack of progress and at the same minute the truth dawned upon me.

"'You know why we're not getting this?' I asked her. 'A situation like this could never happen! It's false—untrue, and no matter how we try to believe in it while we're playing—we're just kidding ourselves. There won't be ten people in that first night audience, though, who won't be 'on' to us.'"

"The male vampire," said *Mr. Meighan*, "cannot last. The *American* public demands a home man."



Theodore Roberts, Leatrice Joy and Thomas Meighan in "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow."

DON'T you think," we queried, "that the hero of costume pictures, the villain, and even the philanderer, who, like Anatol, flits from one 'affair' to another, has his audience?"

"Undoubtedly he has for a time," reflected Mr. Meighan, "but after all, for a steady diet, give people what they are familiar with—and that is the 'home' man. Human nature does not change from one scene to another. A globe-trotter may appeal to the imagination of a romantic girl, but she instinctively feels that he will want to globe-trot after marriage the same as before—so while the adventurer type is more vivid, the home type of man is the type we all know best. We know what he will do in certain circumstances.

"Our pleasure is measured by the response from our own lives we can offer to a story or a play and that is why the average American, home-loving type is the most satisfying of all to portray. There are a good many of us average Americans, you know."

And we also know that Tom Meighan is representative of the upright, clean-living, home man, who is an asset to his profession and to society as well, so it ought not to be difficult for him to portray such a character.

While we were deducing this, Mr. Meighan's director called him back to the "set," so we wended our way out of the Land of Make-Believe.

You Bet The CAMERA Lies!

by FRANK BANGS

As told to Paul Rochester

Veteran cameraman reveals *tricks* of photography that *account* for some of the *amazing* things we *behold* in the *movies*

Guy Bates Post in *"The Masquerader,"* in which he played the parts of *Chilcote* and *Loder.*

DOES the camera ever lie?" I asked Frank Bangs, cameraman extraordinary, member of the old Vitagraph company and at present still cameraman for Inspiration Pictures.

"I'll say it does," Mr. Bangs replied. "It lies and lies and lies. It lies so outlandishly that if I wanted to I could take a picture which would show the *Mauretania* sailing up Broadway and the passengers disembarking into an upper story window of the Times Building.

"When Taft was president he had a great habit of shaking hands with delegations of visitors from all parts of the world. Some enterprising photographer in Washington snapped a picture of the President shaking hands with a stranger. He doctored the plate and then advertised that he would sell anyone a picture showing him in the act of shaking hands with the President. He sold thousands of prints showing thousands of persons in the act of greeting the President, until the authorities got after him and destroyed his plate.

"Another photographer, an Englishman, took a picture which showed the interior of the court room, with the court in session. He then photographed himself in dozens of different poses and while superimposing on the plate of the court room, he evolved a print which showed himself as judge, lawyers, attendants, jury, defendant and spectators.

AND THE moving picture camera is just as big a liar. It is hardly fair to give up the secrets of the movie craftsman, for knowledge of how the tricks are done spoils their effect. I, myself, made two pictures which created quite a stir. One showed Corinne Griffith in the act of kissing herself. I won't give the secret of that one away, for I may want to do it again some day, but I can explain the other. This latter showed Harry Morey shaking hands with himself, talking to himself, getting into an argument with himself, quarrelling with himself and finally getting into a fight with himself and knocking himself cold.

"That was done by double exposure. Most people have the idea that double exposure is done by drawing a straight line vertically across the lens and by masking the film on one side of that line and then taking the masked part over again with different action. The fallacy in their thinking consists in their belief that the line must be straight. It may be curved, zig-zag, horizontal, of any shape. The Morey picture was done by masking first one part of the scene and then another.

"You will see a comedy which shows two characters fighting on the ledge of a roof. They tussle with one another, one slips and clings to the ledge by his finger tips. No sane actor will take a chance like that, yet the completed film looks real, the background, a city street, lies at the proper distance from the roof. Again double exposure, and very clever double exposure, does the trick.

"Double exposure is old stuff. The newest thing in photography is septuple exposure, exposing the same negative seven times, yet getting a perfectly realistic effect.

"The camera lies in all sorts of ways. Forest fires can easily be shown on the screen. All you have to do is to take your scenes with your players against black velvet in the studio and then shoot the fire, either in miniature or a real fire if you can get one. I remember taking a fire scene in which a fire destroyed a hut, while the heroine rushed out in the midst of the flames. The heroine never even saw the flames. She rushed out all right, but the rushing was done long before the fire started.

Corinne Griffith in the act of kissing herself—a clever trick of double exposure.

Harold Lloyd in a perilous moment from *"Safety Last"*—another double exposure device.

FALSE perspective is a favorite trick of cameramen nowadays. False perspective is a means of getting depth where no depth is. Suppose you want to film a checkerboard floor, and want to make it appear longer than it really is. All you have to do is to draw your lines so that the squares taper off obliquely away from the camera. Similarly, if you are working in a small studio and want to make a set appear larger than it really is, you have your carpenters construct the far corners in the shape of a triangle. Then you must be careful not to let the characters get too near the corners or the deception will be noted.

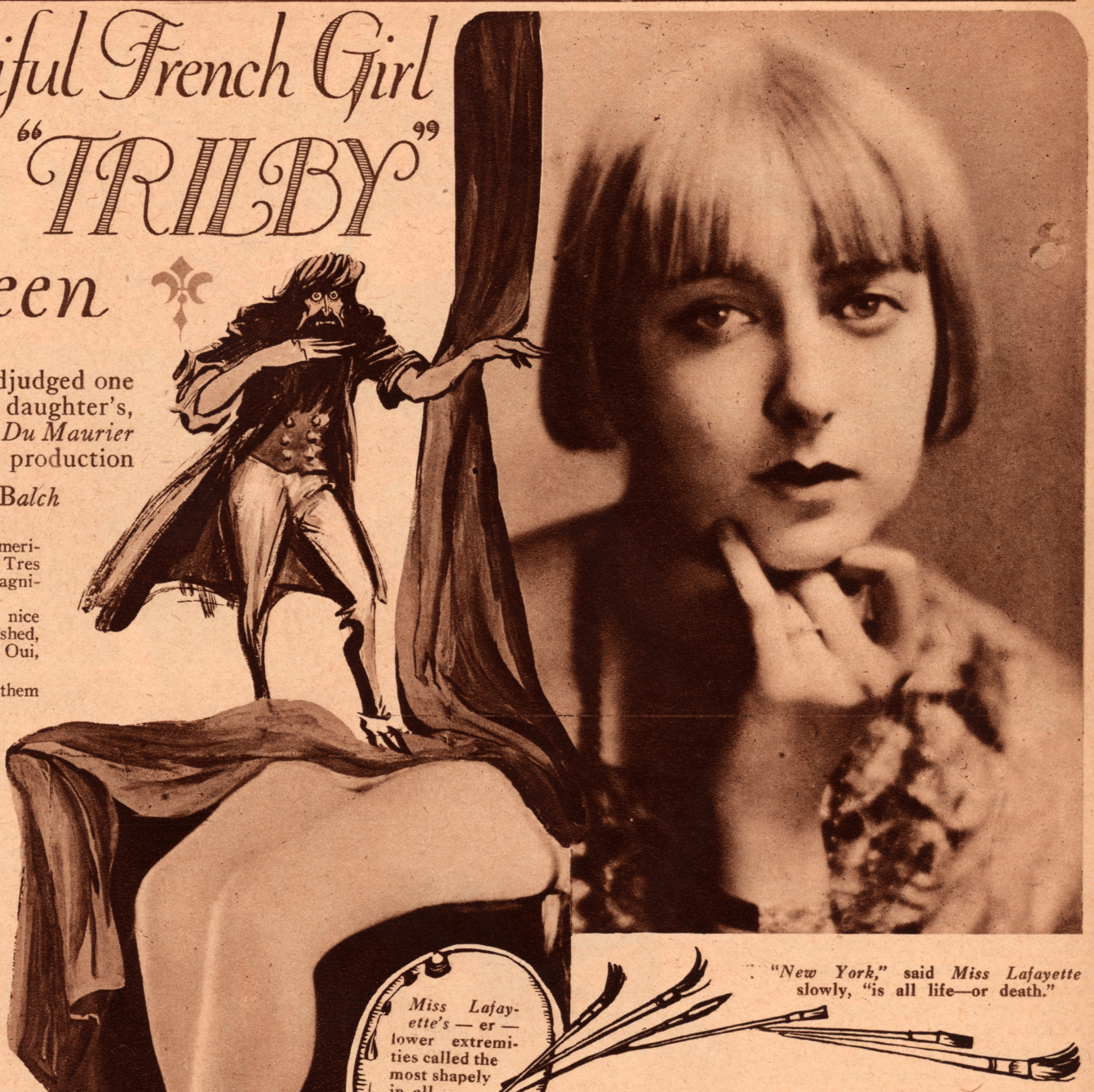
"The trick of using photographs or paintings as backgrounds is pretty well-known, but it is a hard one for the public to catch on the screen. I understand that the famous tower scene in 'Trifling Women' was really painted on a pane of window class. Frederick Pinney Earle did his entire 'Rubaiyat' with paintings for the settings. And it is probable that some of the

(*Continued on page* 28)

Beautiful French Girl will play "TRILBY" on screen

Andree Lafayette, adjudged one of *France's* fairest daughter's, *will interpret Du Maurier* heroine *in film* production

By David A. Balch



Miss Lafayette's — er — lower extremities called the most shapely in all France.

"*New York,*" said *Miss Lafayette* slowly, "is all life—or death."

"HOW do you like America, Mam'selle? Tres bien? Oui? Magnifique?"

It will be a nice place when they get it finished, Mam'selle? N'est-ce pas? Oui, ma petite?

These, or questions like them by the score, one might ask Mlle. Andree Lafayette, the beautiful young French girl, who has been imported to our shores to play "Trilby" in the Richard Walton Tully production of the Du Maurier novel and play.

Only——

One wouldn't.

In the clear calm gaze of Mme. Lafayette's cool gray eyes, any flippancy would be sure to die, still-born, upon the lips and a sober, contemplative mood appear to take its place—summoned by the singular poise of this amazingly beautiful French girl, who has never appeared in pictures before (at least to any extent), and who—more amazing than all else—is only eighteen years of age.

We lunched with Mlle. Lafayette at the Hotel Plaza one day recently. It was just after her arrival in America from France where, curiously, as she presently disclosed, she had known Pearl White. Mlle. Lafayette was new to America and America was new to her, and our contact came just at the time that her impressions of the latter were of the sort known as pure sensations. They, the impressions, found a vibrating target.

"Miss Andree," we said by way of becoming acquainted, "who is your favorite American screen star?" We had commenced on the oysters and were luxuriating in the comfort that the Plaza's main dining room affords, which is considerable.

She measured us calmly with her eyes for an interval, while she instructed the waiter to bring plain melted butter for her artichoke instead of Hollandaise sauce.

"My favorite," she said evenly in a voice that held only an overtone of foreign inflection, "is Mary Pickford. To me," she added with a slight suggestion of a shrug, "there is no one like her."

She is very beautiful, this Andree Lafayette, with straight, flax-colored hair, which she makes no effort to curl; it would spoil it, indeed, if she did; and the fair pink and white complexion that is so wonderfully fresh looking. Her figure is, one would imagine, perfect — tall, well-moulded and supremely sinuous in carriage, the pantherine tread of a Continental aristocrat. She is a descendant of the Marquis de Lafayette, and when you have seen her and talked with her, you find it easy to believe.

"Miss Andree," we inquired, "do you mind telling us how it happens that you speak English so well?"

Again we were subjected to the same measured scrutiny from the cool gray eyes—a scrutiny not unfriendly, however, but well-bred and reserved, terrifically reserved.

"I went to school in England," she replied calmly.

"Oh!" we exclaimed in understanding.

"I went to school in Sussex," she continued, "where I remained until the war came. Then I returned to France and lived—in a suburb of Paris."

Miss Lafayette's speech is slow and precise, the result, evidently, of an effort to avoid the common garbling of our tongue so frequently the case with those who are strangers to our shores. The French, of all nations, dislike most to have their own tongue murdered, and it is possible that Miss Lafayette was sparing the feelings of all Americans she met for similar and sympathetic reasons.

"And how did it happen," we inquired, "that you were selected to play 'Trilby?'"

MISS LAFAYETTE'S eyes lighted with a curious droll animation so characteristic of well-bred French women. It was the shrug envisaged.

"Oh," she said casually, "I had gone to a studio in Paris, following my winning a beauty contest; and it was in the studio that Mr. Tully met me. He had been looking for someone to play 'Trilby'; and when he saw me he decided at once that I would do, and right then and there he engaged me."

"Had you been in pictures before?" we questioned, curious to know how much of a gambler Mr. Tully was.

"Well," Miss Lafayette answered, "I had done one or two little things with stars I knew, but it is not enough to warrant mentioning even."

We began to think that Mr. Tully was considerable of a gambler.

"How do you like New York, Miss Andree?" we inquired, a chop before us and the waiter fussing with some of the whitest cauliflower we had

(*Continued on page 29*)

KLEIG EYES — the curse of the Screen Star

Barbara La Marr, who was recently confined to a darkened room with *Kleig Eyes*.

Mae Busch has been another acute sufferer from the dreaded affliction.

George Walsh, who has known the torture of *Kleig Eyes*.

Goldwyn Pictures Corporation offers *prize* of $5,000 *for* a *cure* for bane of *movie actor* —*Causes* untold *suffering*

By Dwight Hildring

TWILIGHT . . .

In a motion picture studio . . .

The set is in readiness . . .

The extras are waiting . . . eternally waiting . . .

The star appears—a beautiful girl . . .

And takes her place . . .

While the watchful director at last calls: "Lights!"

The sight is dazzling—a sick, white, blinding glare, up into which the screen star, full in the eye of the softly turning camera, gaze calmly until the director cries, "Cut!"

Then twilight again until another cry of "Lights!" up into the white, blinding glare of which once more gaze the tender, unprotected eyes of a beautiful girl. A week of it—too steadily exposed—and the star goes to bed in a darkened room, with icebags on her eyes. She is a victim of what in the studio is known as Kleig Eyes.

So, to combat this evil, this scourge of the screen, Goldwyn is broadcasting an offer of a $5,000 reward to the person or persons who discover a certain preventative for the eye malady which has been the bane of motion picture work ever since movies were invented. Early last month three productions in the Goldwyn studios were seriously held up by the prevalence of Kleig Eyes.

Rupert Hughes, the famous author, who has been directing his own production of his own novel, "Souls for Sale," had to suspend operations late in February, when twenty members of his cast succumbed to the eye irritation within a few days. Mr. Hughes called in Dr. Edward Larson, an optician and surgeon of Los Angeles, and with Dr. Larson is beginning an independent study of lights, temperatures, and the composition of the rays in an effort to check the disease.

Anna Q. Nilsson, who is playing the leading feminine role in the new Rex Beach edition of "The Spoilers," is one of the stars who had to give up work because of Kleig Eyes. Miss Nilsson had to quit work for more than a week, and about fifty extras in "The Spoilers" were laid up.

Clarence Badger's production of "Red Lights," in which 700 extras appear, was the worst hit of all. A monkey dance is one of the unique scenes of "Red Lights." Thirty dancers were to appear in it. Rehearsals were begun, but on the day of the filming, half the dancers failed to show up because of Kleig Eyes. Another batch was rehearsed, only to succumb again.

The cost entailed because of these delays has resulted in Goldwyn's offer, made through Vice-President Abraham Lehr. Mr. Lehr promises that if his offer results in the discovery of a preventative for the malady, he will place it at the disposal of the entire motion picture industry.

Many famous stars have suffered from Kleig Eyes at one time or another. During the recent production of "The Go-Getter," which E. H. Griffith directed at the Cosmopolitan Studios, Mr. Griffith might have been seen busy on the set wearing a pair of smoked glasses.

THE LIGHTS got me," Mr. Griffith said. "Few persons realize the suffering the lights cause. Few who have worked in a studio escape the blight. It strikes all alike, stars, directors, extras, cameramen. The intense light dries the natural secretion from the optical glands. This secretion normally moistens the eyeballs under the eyelid, causing the eyelid to rasp over the ball, with the effect of sandpaper. The agony is intense.

"Close-ups cause most of the trouble, and although fans have a habit of scoffing at scenes in which players cry, as a matter of fact, crying scenes cause a great deal of intense pain. Not only must the sincere player, who really wants to cry instead of using glycerine, abuse his eyes by forcing the tear ducts to work when they don't want to, but he must pose for his scenes over and over again until he gets the proper shot. As a rule, in close-ups, the lights are brought as near the player as possible. He virtually has to stare into them. The light dries up his eyes and then the trouble begins.

"Some people, dark-eyed as a rule, seem to have a pigment in their eyes which shades them and protects them from much suffering. But no one is really immune."

If you believe you can find a solution to this problem and wish to compete for the award offered by Goldwyn, read the following rules announced by Mr. Lehr:

"To stimulate scientific interest in the malady known as 'Kleig Eyes,' the Goldwyn pictures Corporation offers a prize reward of $5,000 to the person, or persons, who will discover, or compound, a sure preventative for it under certain conditions named hereafter.

"The ocular inflammation which has been arbitrarily named after one of the lamps used in the

(*Continued on page 29*)

SONNY BOY Becomes TEMPERAMENTAL

Infant star of Hal Roach comedies "acts up" on set and gives director his hands full

By Julia C. Conklin

Harold Lloyd, **who was called in to give first aid diversion to *Sonny Boy.***

Numerous devices are resorted to to arouse *Sonny Boy's* interest.

ON A corner of the Hal Roach lot pandemonium had broken loose. The cameraman crouched as though ready to spring, behind a camouflage of shrubbery; the property man was holding out a tempting handful of doughnuts; the carpenter and assistant electrician were standing on their heads; while the director himself, with his megaphone on his head like a dunce's cap, his face stretched by an inane grin, was pirouetting around in a grotesque ballet dance. The rest of the crowd of people were yelling or singing or jumping up and down as though they were in the final stages of insanity.

"Do they usually act like that?" I murmured to my guide.

"Sure," he replied. "It's the 'kid' company. They're making comedies with kids, and that's the only way they can get Sonny Boy to act. He's only eighteen months old.

"Why," he went on, in disgust, "there's five comedy companies working on this lot, and all of 'em put together, including Harold Lloyd's and Snub Pollard's, don't get everybody so het up as these kids."

When I reached the wild group I found that it was surrounding a diminutive black object, so small as to be almost unnoticeable in the mob. I looked closer and saw that it was Sonny Boy, the tiny pickaninny baby, who is leading man of "Our Gang" comedies. He stood silently pensive, absolutely unmoved by the antics of the grown-ups around him.

Temperament! No other movie star even knows the meaning of the word, Nazimova herself is only at the Kindergarten stage, compared to Sonny Boy. When he doesn't feel like acting, he won't act, and that's all there is to it. When he is in a benevolent mood, he will carry out every order from the director with smiling promptness, but when he feels his art is not being appreciated, neither coaxing, playfulness, promises, or threats will shake his iron determination.

There was a small electric switch by a door. Sonny was supposed to walk up and turn this switch. Nothing more. But it was now the afternoon of the second day, and they had been stationed there, all prepared, the camera ready to shoot, waiting for Sonny to go through his scene.

I marveled at the evenness of temper of the director. With infinite patience he would show Sonny what he wanted him to do. Then he asked the other boys to go through the scene, hoping to inspire Sonny to imitate them. One by one they walked up and turned the switch. Then everybody around the lot would do it, from the assistant director to the painters, but Sonny remained cold and aloof.

"HE'S SCARED," the director explained to me, apologetically. "You see, we fooled him the other day. He was supposed to take a drink out of a jug marked "T. N. T.," and then spit it out. When he spit it out the stuff was supposed to explode. Well, we unfortunately didn't tell him it was going to explode, and when he recovered from the shock, he went and hid for three days, and he hasn't done anything we asked him to since."

"If you be a good boy now, and throw the switch," pleaded the property man, "you can have these doughnuts."

Sonny eyed him stonily.

"If you don't do it right away," said the director firmly, trying another course, "I'll whip you."

Sonny began to howl.

"He ain't feelin' so good dis mawnin'," remarked his father, who was standing in the background. "He et some glass beads las' night."

"All right," said the director, sighing, "we'll shoot another scene. Get ready, boys."

There are five boys in the company besides Sonny, not one of them over six years old, so you can see that the director has his hands full. And yet the finished comedy runs so smoothly on the screen and seems so spontaneously funny, that one would never guess the tiresome hours and patient repetition needed to produce it.

"Now," cried the director, as though he had just thought of it, "Sonny can do a scene all by himself. Come on, Sonny, here's a little switch for you to turn."

SONNY appeared not to notice, and stumbled away on his Charlie Chaplin shoes. The director caught him and hauled him back.

"You can't go home till you've done it O. K.," he told him.

"Donwanta do it!" yelled Sonny and threw himself on the ground.

Just then a mob of Mexican soldiers from Harold Lloyd's new picture came tearing across the lot with sabres drawn, and disappeared behind the studio. Sonny sat up and gurgled his appreciation, and the director got an idea.

"Hey, Bill," he called to a colleague, "ask your soldiers to go through that scene again. Maybe it'll put Sonny Boy in a good mood."

"If you didn't have children there, I'd tell you what I think of you," bawled the other director. "Do you think I hired these soldiers just to amuse your kids?"

"Look, Sonny," said the director patiently. "It won't hurt you. Just turn this and you can go home."

"Come on, Sonny," coaxed the other boys, "you can come and play with us as soon as you do like he says."

They pleaded, they scolded, they appealed to his vanity, they used force, but Sonny only shook his little woolly braids and scowled.

Just then Harold Lloyd came out of the studio. "Harold," called the agonized director, "come over here and help me make this kid act. But don't steal any of our ideas for your comedies."

Mr. Lloyd smiled sweetly. "No, I wouldn't spoil my comedies by using your ideas," he retorted, and came over.

Harold Lloyd has the reputation as one of the funniest men on the screen, but if he were only half as funny as he was that afternoon for Sonny's benefit, his reputation would still be the same. Sonny was delighted, it is true, but still temperamental.

"Go on, Harold," urged the director, "get him to turn the switch."

"Look here," cried Mr. Lloyd, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "You don't seem to think I have any work to do around here. I'm already holding up my company and about a hundred Mexican soldiers. Why don't you hire the Barnum and Bailey Circus for your

Sonny Boy, who is very temperamental.

(*Continued on page 28*)

"MAIN STREET" appears on the Screen

Carol and *Dr. Kennicott* arrive in *Gopher Prairie.*

Popular *novel* by *Sinclair Lewis* is *picturized* for the *screen* with *Monte Blue, Florence Vidor* and *Louise Fazenda*

By
Charles E. *Dexter*

EVERBODY has either read or lives on Main Street—or both. Everyone knows all about "Main Street," the novel.

All of which is not going to make it an easy task to produce "Main Street" on the screen. Some have one mental picture of Carol Kennicott; others visualize her differently. But most fans will agree that Florence Vidor is the ideal type of the small town girl who wanted to do big things, but couldn't rise above her environment.

Miss Vidor doesn't head the cast of the Warner Brothers' production of "Main Street." The cast is of truly all-star calibre. Monte Blue plays Dr. Kennicott; Noah Beery interprets Adolph Valberg; Josephine Crowell does another of her stony-faced gossips; and such favorites as Louise Fazenda, Harry Myers, Robert Gordon and Gordon Griffith are among the other Gopher Prairie-ites.

Florence Vidor, as *Carol,* encounters the servant problem in *Louise Fazenda,* as the maid.

Sinclair Lewis did such a big job in his novel, he painted so minutely realistic a picture of Gopher Prairie and its leading citizens, that the town and the story of Carol Kennicott actually lives in the minds of those who read the book.

And Gopher Prairie was drawn from life. There is a real town in Minnesota from which Mr. Lewis drew his life-size picture.

Hence it will not be simple for the fans to adjust themselves to a Hollywood-made Gopher Prairie and a Hollywood Main Street.

LAST year a New York theatrical company essayed a stage production of "Main Street" and failed, both financially and artistically. "Main Street" evidently could not be reproduced on the stage.

The film production will have the benefit of experience, capable players and an excellent director, Harry Beaumont. Gopher Prairie was reproduced in its entirety for the production, and an effort was made to make the film more a transference of the daily life in a little western town, rather than to change the story by the inclusion of hackneyed movie scenes.

Thus Carol and the Doctor will meet and marry again in the film. Carol will arrive in Gopher Prairie. She will yield for the moment to the environment in which she finds herself, but will soon recall her early schooling, her artistic aspirations, her desire for cultured associates and friends, and will begin her efforts to bring culture to Gopher Prairie.

And then, as in the book, she will meet with first one rebuff, then another. She will find all her attempts to beautify Gopher Prairie are worse than useless. She will realize that Gopher Prairie doesn't want to hear about Bernard Shaw or Arthur Schnitzler, that it is content with its own meager knowledge of what the "effete East"—meaning, in this case, Chicago—despises.

Monte Blue, as *Dr. Kennicott,* embraces *Carol,* his wife, in a happy ending.

Carol, as in the novel, will find herself slipping. She will find her husband just a small town physician, honest, capable, blunt, but not clever, and with neither the aspiration nor the ability to escape from the dull, deadly monotony of life in Gopher Prairie.

She herself will crave what she has lost by marrying him. She will seek it from a youthful poet, a poet who works now as a shoemaker, and who will always work as a shoemaker. Carol will think that this youth can restore her past, bring back to her her own dead aspiration, her old dead love for good books, good music, subtle thinking.

And again "Main Street" will defeat her. For, living on Main Street, she cannot live unless she accepts what Main Street accepts. She must either quit her husband or yield.

Carol will try once again to quit her husband. She will embark on a career of her own; she will go to Washington, to work for the government.

Soon she will realize that she can never satisfy her desires, that she is trying to escape not from Main Street, not from America, but from her own inescapable destiny.

So she will go back to Main Street and to her doctor husband, and she will hear him say the old commonplaces she used to hate and do the old routine things which once maddened her.

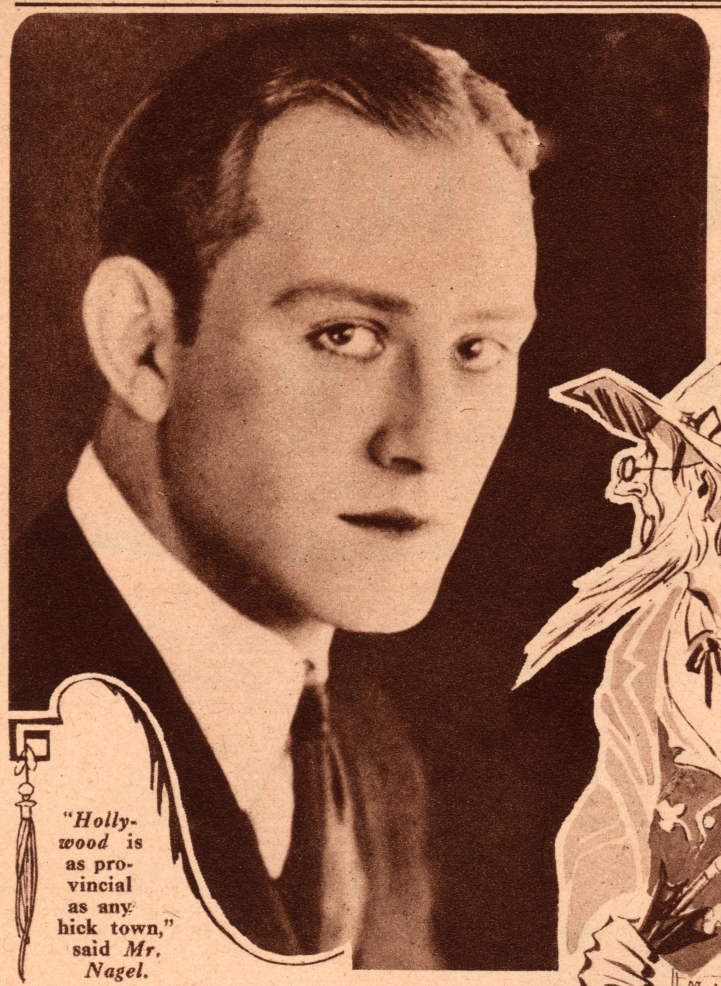
But this time she will understand that her life is life as it is lived almost everywhere by almost everyone.

A splendid part for a splendid actress. Florence Vidor is that actress. She has done many good things on the screen and her fans believe that she will excel herself in this—her great opportunity.

"Main Street" was the biggest best-seller in history. Hundreds of thousands of copies of the novel were sold in the last few years. They are still being sold. Whether or no this multitude of "Main Street" readers are regular film fans is another consideration. We do not believe a majority of them are. And this means those who are not will join the regulars to the benefit of the box office.

"Main Street," the picture, is one of the film events of the year. It will have to step lively if it is to be on a level with the novel, but Warner Brothers promise that it is easily their best picture thus far, a film of which they are proud.

Here's hoping!



"*Hollywood* is as provincial as any hick town," said *Mr. Nagel.*

"Hollywood is a HICK town!"

says Conrad Nagel—

To Alma M. Talley

Conrad Nagel and *Bebe Daniels* in a scene from *"Nice People."*

Popular young screen *star* goes on *record* with statement that *film mecca* is one of the *dullest* communities *he knows* in the *universe*

HOLLYWOOD a wild place? Hollywood the home of super-sophisticated vampires who lure young men, or even men not so young? Hollywood a gay and wicked city?

Well, not, as the saying goes, so you could notice it!

Hollywood is a hick town! Fancy that!

That's what Conrad Nagel calls it, and Conrad ought to know, having lived there for three years and learned to know all the folks. Hollywood, says Conrad, is not so black—or so red—as it is painted. Far from it. In fact, it's a sleepy little village whose inhabitants get a thrill when they come to New York and see the tall buildings.

It was while we were dawdling over the Orange Pekoe at the Algonquin Hotel that Mr. Nagel said all these things about his adopted city. If you like Conrad on the screen, you'd like him just twice as well off. If you don't care for him as a movie hero, you'd like him off-screen, anyhow. He has a magnetic personality and a perfectly thrilling deep voice.

"It's really rather amusing to all of us who live in Hollywood when we read about the wild life we lead," said Mr. Nagel. "I've lived there for three years and I've never yet been to a wild party."

So you see, fans, that answers your questions as to whether all screen players are wild women or bold, bad men.

"But it's hard to convince the tourists that there is nothing wicked to show them in Hollywood," Mr. Nagel continued. "Everybody from Iowa always looks me up the moment they arrive in town and wants me to show them the sights. I'm from Iowa, you know."

"Yes; born in Keokuk," I put in, to show that I knew all about him. That's the interviewer's rule number one—always pay the celebrity the compliment of knowing all about him, or her.

"There are so many Iowans in Southern California," Mr. Nagel added, "that they are thinking of building a branch state capitol there."

"And they all look you up when they hit town?" I questioned.

"Most of them," he agreed. "You see, my father was Dean of Music at Highland Park College in Des Moines and is fairly well-known locally. So most of the Iowans know I'm from their state. And when they arrive in Hollywood, they immediately call on me as a brother Iowan, and whisper to me to take them to one of these wild parties they've been reading about—one of the real inside parties that outsiders usually don't get in on. Then, when I tell them I've never been to one myself, they won't believe me they think I'm holding out on them."

"Of course they would," I agreed, quite captivated at the idea.

"Why, Hollywood is as provincial as any hick town," he said. "When we Hollywoodites get to New York, we're as excited as a ten-year-old kid. We can go to see any old play in New York and think it's wonderful; it's such a treat to see a real show. About five or six times a year a real, first-rate road company hits Los Angeles. The show is always two or three years old, but that doesn't matter to us; we're the most enthusiastic audience you ever saw."

HE STOPPED to pour me my third cup of tea.

"A new picture theatre has recently been built out there," he went on, "with a sort of penny arcade in the lobby—all kinds of little penny-in-the-slot machines, like those they have at a country fair. Probably you sophisticated city people would think such simple amusements were silly, but the Hollywoodites are crazy about it. You can hardly crowd through that arcade to get into the theatre.

"Another thing that interests them," said Mr. Nagel, "is a nine-story building that is being erected. People out there go out of their way to look at it; it couldn't cause more comment if it was a skyscraper."

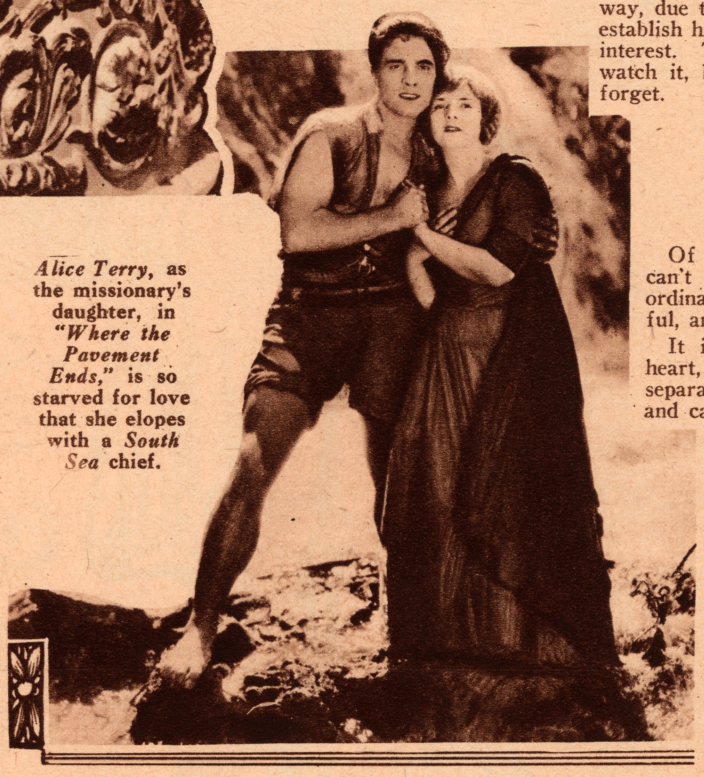
"Of course," I said, now that I thought it over, "it's not surprising that Hollywood should be provincial. After all, most of the people out there came from small towns."

(*Continued on page* 28)

Pola Negri

Polish *star* presents *weird* study *of siren*—"*Where* "*Daddy*" and "*Scars* of *Jealousy*" among *other*

***Pola*, the siren, looks down from her balcony on one of those mobs for which *German* directors are famous.**



***Alice Terry*, as the missionary's daughter, in *"Where the Pavement Ends,"* is so starved for love that she elopes with a *South Sea* chief.**

"MAD LOVE"

Pola Negri in Another Foreign Picture

"Mad Love" is a picture which gives the fascinating Pola Negri ample opportunity to vamp all the men in sight. In fact, that's all there is to the plot, a sex tangle that is rather cheaply done in the manner of many of the German film importations.

It is not a pretty story. First we have a man gone mad because his sweetheart has jilted him; and then we have his cousin seeking out the cause of his relative's downfall and falling in love with her before he learns who she is. There is a beatific "honeymoon"—the censors are miraculously placated by a few such judiciously chosen words!—and then the denouement. When he learns who his loved one is, the young man leaves her and goes mournfully to his rustic home. But he finds life unbearable without her, and returns to Paris just in time to get in on the strangling, for the demented cousin has escaped and chokes the lady.

And, incidentally, what a relief! There are many movie adventuresses who deserve to be choked, but our "happy ending" system seldom allows them to be. In this case, a great deal of cutting, presumably, has made the harrowing scene quite brief. In fact, the scene has been made so short that it gives one no feeling of even "movie grief," though the siren has been presented from a sympathetic point of view. There ought to be a big punch in such an ending, but the direction is such that the scene falls flat.

Miss Negri, herself, makes up for many of the film's deficiencies by being delightful to watch.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

"WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS"

Rex Ingram's South Sea Picture Well Done

Rex Ingram's latest production, filmed under the title "The Passion Vine," is a masterpiece insofar as its atmosphere and photography are concerned. There is a marvelous reality about it that takes the spectator right into the South Sea Islands and keeps him there for the length of the picture.

The story is gripping because the director has presented it in such a finished way; one suspects that handled by a less expert craftsman than Mr. Ingram, the plot would fall flat. But Mr. Ingram, after his usual manner, has made this an exquisite production.

The tale concerns a missionary's daughter, who, reared in a South Sea Island, is starved for love and life. As there are no men of her own kind available, she falls in love with the chief of a native tribe and almost marries him. The sex element is rather uppermost throughout the picture, but the skilled hand of the artist has avoided anything obvious or crude enough to be objectionable.

Ramon Novarro gives a magnificent performance as the young Kanaka, and Alice Terry plays the missionary's daughter with just the proper touch of wistfulness. Edward Connelly is also fine as the missionary and the villain role is well handled by Harry T. Morey.

Though the picture is a bit slow in getting under way, due to the careful efforts of the director to establish his atmosphere, it builds up a tremendous interest. The picture not only grips you as you watch it, but it is one which you will not soon forget.

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"DADDY"

Jackie Coogan in a Role Full of Pathos

Of course all of Jackie Coogan's pictures can't be "Oliver Twists," but taken as an ordinary feature picture, "Daddy" is delightful, and Jackie is as irresistible as ever.

It is a story that will go right to your heart, the tale of a famous violinist who is separated cruelly from his wife and child and carries his grief around for years. Finally he adopts a little waif who turns out to be his own son. The story is full of family love, yet marvelously succeeds in being not in the least maudlin.

Jackie, of course, plays the little waif and the pathos of his expression will make the tender-hearted weep. He is altogether lovable. Arthur Carewe is charming as the father and Josie Sedgwick has a brief role as the mother.

Anna Townsend, the seventy-year-old "Granny" of "Grandma's Boy," plays Jackie's foster-grandma, and Bert Woodruff is also likable as the grandpa. Cesare Gravina gives a beautiful performance as the old maestro who befriends Jackie.

The picture is an appealing mixture of sentiment and humor; it will make you chuckle in some spots and weep in others, and altogether, if you are a Jackie Coogan fan—and who isn't?—it will captivate you.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

"SCARS OF JEALOUSY"

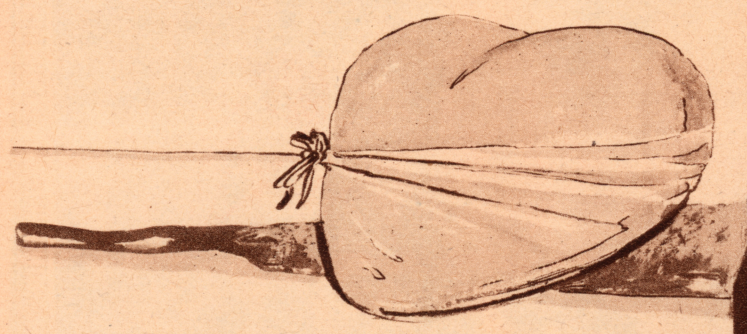
A Preposterous Melodrama

This picture is certainly not up to the standard of Thomas Ince's usual productions. The plot is almost cheap melodrama and altogether unreal.

It would ask us to believe that a Southern gentlemen, disgusted with the wildness of his only son, would disinherit him and adopt in his place an illiterate young man of the "poor white trash" variety, with whom an aristocratic girl would fall in love, after seeing him only a few times. To acquaint us with the blue-blooded ancestry of the

Scanned and Donated from the Collection of Darren Nemeth

fascinating in MAD LOVE"



the *Pavement Ends*" pictures *reviewed* :: :: :: **By Ruth Mabrey**

Jackie Coogan in "*Daddy*," learns from his foster parents, that they are to be sent to the poor farm. The old couple are played by *Anna Townsend* and *Bert Woodruff*.

mountaineer, there is a badly done French court prologue that could well have been replaced by a sub-title without being missed. As it is, there is an incongruous jump from a French court to the "poor whites" of the Southern mountains.

There is an excellent cast, with Lloyd Hughes and Marguerite De La Motte holding down the love interest. Frank Keenan plays the Southern aristocrat; one wishes sometimes that he did not have such a perpetually furrowed brow. Edward Burns is good as the ne'er-do-well son and Walter Lynch does a striking bit of acting as the head of the mountaineer family.

The chief thrill of the picture comes with the young lovers escaping from a huge forest fire. In spite of its glaring unreality, the picture may hold your interest, and will give you the added fun of figuring out what possible connection there is between the title of the picture and the story.

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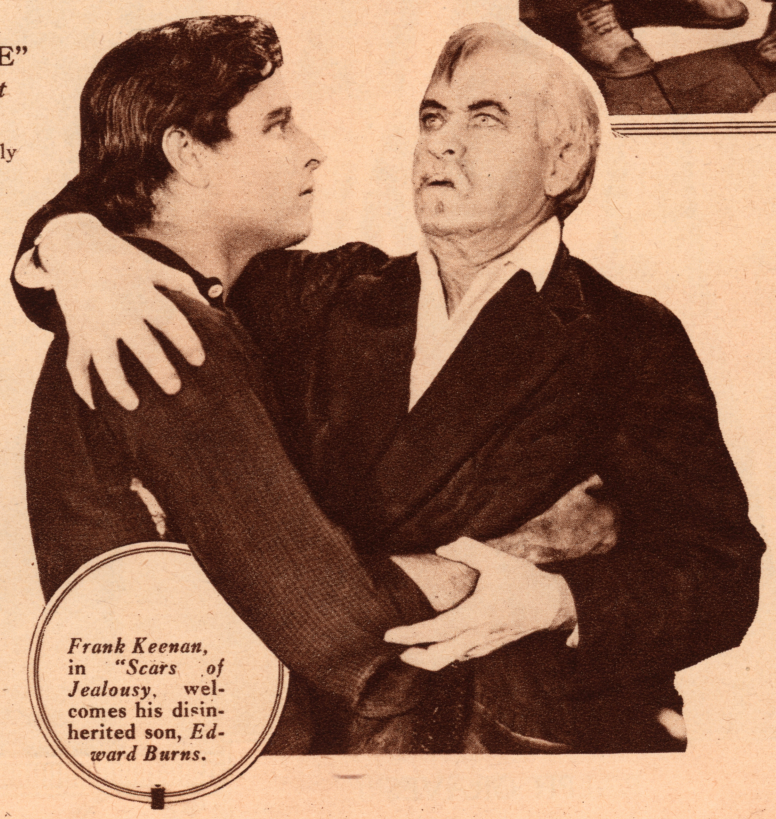
"MR BILLINGS SPENDS HIS DIME"

Walter Hiers' First Starring Picture

This picture is supposedly farce, judging by the way the story is handled on the screen, but it is never quite funny enough to get into the spirit of a farce. Most of the scenes intended to be funny do not quite get across; you have the feeling that you are supposed to laugh, but the humor is always a little forced. The picture is a romantic little adventure story that is mildly pleasing nevertheless. The plot is cleverly and artificially contrived, and concerns a young clerk who, fascinated by a girl's picture, seizes the opportunity to go to Sans Souci, her native country, and there gets mixed up in a revolution. There are several amusing incidents, the only object on being that none of them is made as amusing as it could be.



Frank Keenan, in "*Scars of Jealousy*, welcomes his disinherited son, *Edward Burns*.

Walter Hiers, of course, plays the romantic young clerk and burlesques the role successfully, though one wonders why he should be starred. Jacqueline Logan, as usual, is an asset to the picture, being particularly easy to look at. The cast in general is a distinguished one, including George Fawcett, Robert McKim, Joseph Swickard and Clarence Burton and others who are very well cast.

There is nothing more difficult to get over than a funny picture, for we are accustomed to our funny characters. Perhaps that is the reason we did not fall out of the seat on this one.

"JUST LIKE A WOMAN"

A Frothy Light Comedy

This is the sort of story that might form the basis for a play put on by the senior class in high school—or even the freshman class. It is a frothy light comedy to which mother could take all fourteen kids, including the baby, with no fear of damaging their morals.

The plot deals with a girl who, at the end of her boarding school career, is invited by several old maid aunts to live with them—very grudgingly invited, because her mother was an actress with whom they had broken relations. To punish them, the school girl dresses herself as a prim, bespectacled young woman studying to be a missionary, who pretends to be shocked at everything her aunts do. Of course, as her real self, she has a romance on the side.

Marguerite De La Motte is charming as the mischievous school girl and Ralph Graves is likable as usual as her sweetheart. George Fawcett plays the young man's father and Jane Keckley and Julia Calhoun play the two aunts.

The picture is mildly diverting and will please those fans who like their entertainment in a lighter vein—or even lighter than that.

We wish Rev. Straton and all the censors who are desirous of enveloping the movies in a mantle of virtue—one of their own weave—would see this picture. We are certain such entertainment could not shock them, even if it did not please, and we even feel that they would be pleased with it.

RALPH GRAVES
appearing in
"PRODIGAL DAUGHTERS"

BLANCHE SWEET
appearing in
"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES"

BILL HART'S *Magic Kiss*

How famous screen *westerner* made his *leading women* famous by the *wizardry* of his *osculation*

By Grace Kingsley

"MUST become Bill Hart's leading lady, let him kiss you—professionally, of course—and you're bound to become a star!"

That's a saying out in Hollywood. It has never failed yet.

Among those who have proven it true are Lois Wilson, Jane Novak, Katherine MacDonald, Mildred Harris, Winifred Westover, Dorothy Dalton, Bessie Love, Louise Glaum and Vola Vale. All these became stars after playing opposite Bill.

Whether there really is something lucky about playing opposite Hart, or whether Bill is just a good picker, is hard to tell.

Maybe Bill is inspiring. I believe this is quite possible. He believes in people. He brings out the best in them. Jane Novak always declared this was true. So did Bessie Love.

And maybe—well, maybe Bill used to get just a tiny bit of a crush on his leading women. That is always inspiring, you know, both to the crush and the crushee!

Bill himself declares that he is merely a good picker.

"I choose my leading women for their sweet and womanly and appealing qualities of personality as much as for their talent," said Hart. "I don't care a snap about mere beauty. I want the sort of appeal that Jane Novak, Bessie Love and the others had.

"Also there's another thing. I hope that I understand human nature a little. I have a secret. I like to pick people for parts in my pictures who have a quality of genuineness. This counts even more than mere technique or so-called talent.

"Jane Novak, for instance, is the soul of genuineness; so is Katherine MacDonald, or was when I knew her as my leading woman. So is Bessie Love."

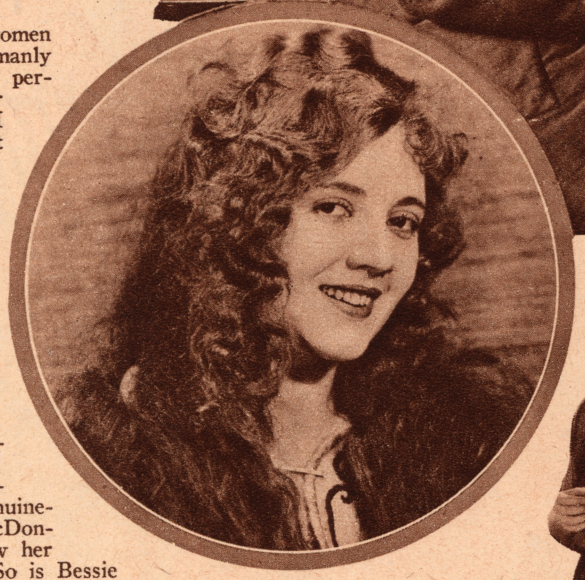
"How about Winifred Westover?" I asked a trifle wickedly.

Hart bit his lip, looked a little bit reproachful and didn't answer.

"Perhaps," I retrieved myself, "you are also a good trainer of talent."

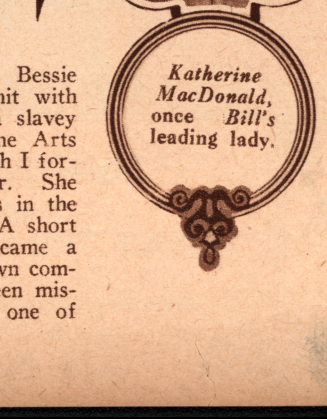
"Well, I don't ever choose a player in whom I cannot see an actress or an actor," said Hart. "I guess when they have talent, just anybody could bring it out," he went on with characteristic modesty.

"I don't care a snap about mere beauty," says *Bill Hart*.



***Lois Wilson*, whose rare charm made her popular.**

***Jane Novak*, who *Bill* calls "the soul of genuineness."**



***Katherine MacDonald*, once *Bill's* leading lady.**

DOROTHY DALTON and Louise Glaum were Hart's leading women away back in the old days of Inceville-by-the-Sea. Both afterward became stars.

"Both these young women were strong emotional actresses," said Hart. "Both were bound to have brilliant futures. I'm sorry that Miss Glaum has been ill and has dropped from sight. I consider her one of the big bets in pictures of a few years ago. She still should be great, and I hope she will have her chance."

Down at Inceville, Hart was to make "The Silent Man." He wanted a leading lady. She must be small, pitiful, appealing, almost a child. Where to find an actress who could play the part, and yet who looked young enough? Bessie Love had just made a hit with John Emerson, playing a slavey in one of Emerson's Fine Arts pictures, the name of which I forget. Hart sent for her. She proved a brilliant success in the role of the young girl. A short while afterward she became a star at the head of her own company. If she had not been mismanaged, she would be one of the big stars today.

Mildred Harris was a little girl with curls down her back, in the old Ince days. She used to play child parts in Hart's pictures. The cowboys used to escort her, on her pony, to and from her home when she was working. She was a great favorite. Once Hart rescued her from her runaway pony. He lost sight of her. Then, one day, when he was looking about for a leading woman, he remembered little Mildred. Little Mildred must be all grown up by this time. He sent for her. She played a lead with him in two pictures. She proved clever. Later she became a star with Lois Weber, and finally at the head of her own company with Louis B. Mayer.

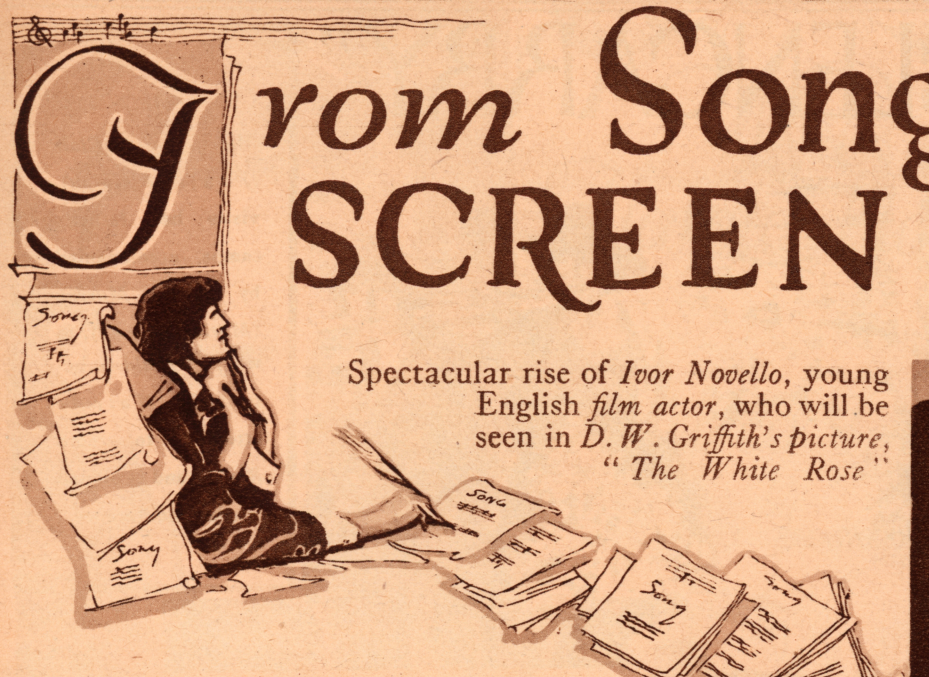
WINIFRED WESTOVER had known Hart in the old Fine Arts days. When he needed a leading woman, he decided that Winifred was just the girl. She had been playing around in Fox comedies, doing little to further herself in her chosen calling. The Hart engagement put her exactly on her feet. She was seen in these pictures, chosen for leads by a Swedish company, and became a star. When she came back to New York, she played a star part in a Selznick picture. Afterward she became Hart's wife, as all the world knows.

"Mr. Hart's direction was always wonderful," said Winifred not long ago. "He always seemed to put an actor at ease—just had a gift for bringing out the best in anybody."

And that's since the separation, too!

(*Continued on page 29*)

From Song Writer to SCREEN STAR



Spectacular rise of *Ivor Novello*, young English *film actor*, who will be seen in *D. W. Griffith's picture*, *"The White Rose"*

By Lewis F. Levenson

Ivor Novello and Gladys Cooper, celebrated English beauty, in a tense scene from "The Bohemian Girl."

HE IS tall and slender.

He has dark hair, dark eyes, and he brushes his hair straight back from his forehead.

He speaks with a bewitching accent.

——and he is a European.

No, he is not Rudolph Valentino.

He is Ivor Novello, the young European screen star, who D. W. Griffith is presenting in his new picture, "The White Rose."

Ivor Novello is decidedly not Valentino. He is very much himself. Meeting him in the Mamaroneck studio of D. W. Griffith—a studio like none other in the world—was like meeting the owner of the rambling country house itself. For Novello has the distinction of the gentleman, the mark of breeding, about him at all times.

These are his attainments:

He wrote "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

He was a song composer at 15.

He was a war hero, a member of the famous British Flying Corps.

He was a popular English stage star.

He was a popular English movie star.

And now he is D. W. Griffith's newest find, fighting his way up for American success and fame.

"I don't quite know how I did get into the films," he admits. "You see, I worked hard throughout my youth to master music. I studied harmony, counterpoint, I composed, I sang in a choir at Oxford, and then, when I was 19, the war broke out.

"I suppose my mother was the inspiration for 'Keep the Home Fires Burning.' I wrote it a few months after the war broke out. The phrase was wholly my own. I have always been in the habit of getting a phrase first, and then fitting music to it. Mrs. Ella Foster Forbes wrote lyrics for several songs I had composed, and the fall of 1914"—this makes Novello 26 now—"I called her up on the telephone one evening and suggested to her that we write a patriotic song. I had another tune in my head, but when she came over and we started to work on it, I hit on the tune that was later used.

"After the first phrase, the song wrote itself. We had finished it in a rough draft before the evening was over."

THEN, with the sadness of memory:

"There was a bit of tragedy connected with the song. Mrs. Forbes was killed in a Zeppelin raid during the war."

Novello profited handsomely from his famous song. John McCormack sang it in America and he received a royalty on every phonograph record sold.

"I kept busy during the war, with my aviation work. Then, when I came back, a French producer who was looking for an Italian type, came to me and asked me if I wanted to go into the films.

"My friends laughed. 'Why don't you stick to your music?' they asked me. But I thought I would go in for it—and in I went. My first director was the same man who had directed Sarah Bernhardt, Mme. Rejane, and Gaby Deslys, and in the company with me was Phyllis Neilson-Terry, so I started out in good company."

This amazingly handsome, youthful chap has other accomplishments. Only because I had asked him to talk about himself did he rattle on about his playing the lead in the London production of "The Yellow Jacket," the Chinese play which made a tremendous success both here and in London. And he mentioned glibly the two musical comedies he had produced in London last year—just like that!

"When I came back from the war," said *Mr Novello*, "a *French* producer asked me if I wanted to go into films."

But his coming to America:

"Mr. Griffith is really the most popular cinema producer in England. He outshines all the others. When he was in England for the showing of 'Orphans of the Storm,' I happened to see him eating dinner with a friend in the Savoy. I was about to leave—was in the coat check room, in fact—when his friend, a journalist of my acquaintance, came up to me and said that Mr. Griffith had asked him who I was. He had replied that I was Ivor Novello, the English film actor. Griffith asked our mutual acquaintance to introduce us. As a result I spent an hour with him on the following day. I felt—well, pretty much like a raw interviewer going about his first story. I didn't know what to say, but Mr. Griffith put me at ease and we got on splendidly.

"For a long time I did not hear from him, although I understood that he was studying me as

(*Continued on page 29*)

"The MAN from GLENGARRY"

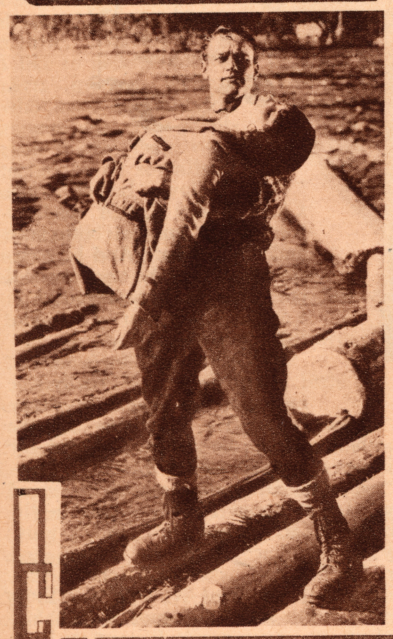
A Story of Lumberjacks

I.
Ranald Macdonald (*Warner Richmond*) is one of the strongest men on the Ottawa River. He is head foreman for the St. Clair Lumber Company, whose camps are located at North Limits, Can.

II. The Thorp Lumber Company, a rival concern, is headed by *Louis Lenoir* (*E. L. Fernandez*), and, in their efforts to run their logs out first, a fierce battle ensues between the shantymen.

III
Maimie St. Clair (*Pauline Garon*), visits her father's camps, accompanied by *Kate Murray* (*Marian Swayne*), to whom *Ranald* is betrothed. *Maimie* attempts to vamp *Ranald* and is piqued by his indifference.

IV.
An old emnity exists between *Ranald* and *Louis Lenoir*, owing to the latter's having injured *Ranald's* father in a fight, when *Ranald* was a boy. They now meet and it is *Ranald's* purpose to kill *Lenoir*.



V.
Kate Murray, *Ranald's* sweetheart, attempts to check his design, and in so doing risks her life out across the boiling maelstrom of logs. *Ranald* rescues her.

VI.
Back on the shore again, *Ranald* is confronted by *Kate's* father, the camp minister. Their anxiety over *Kate* brings *Ranald* back to his senses.

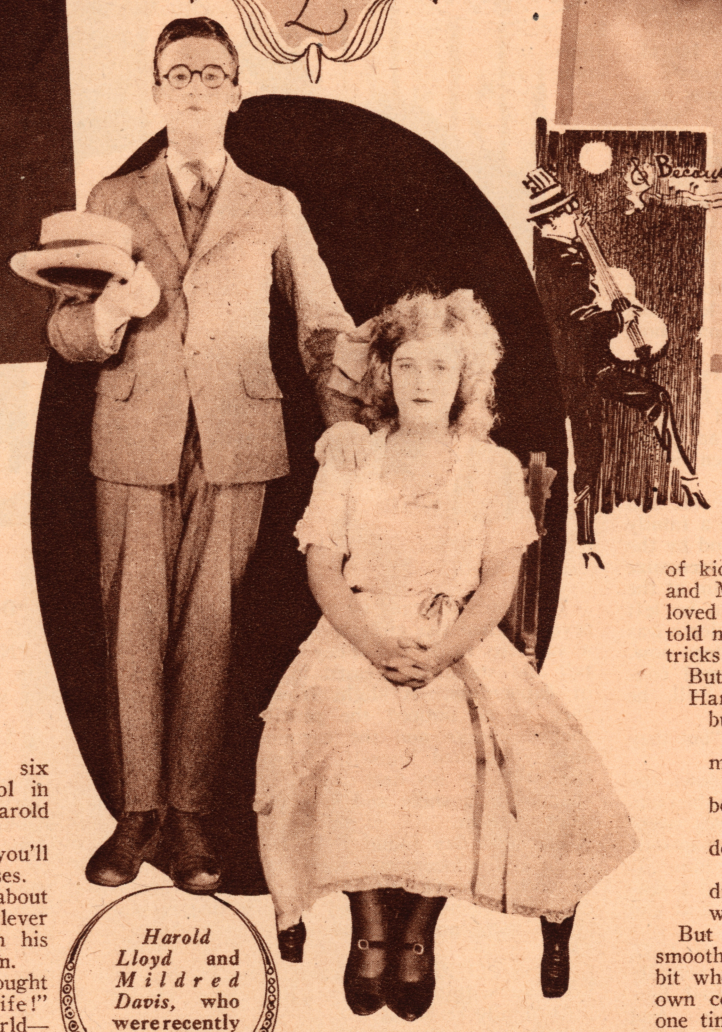
VII.
The influence of the clergyman leads *Ranald* to forgive *Lenoir*, whom he has sworn to kill, and his action is crowned by his marriage to *Kate*.

Why Harold Lloyd MARRIED Mildred Davis

by GRACE GREENWOOD

"I want my home life my own," said *Harold.*

"I don't like being bossed," said *Mildred.*



Harold Lloyd and *Mildred Davis,* who were recently married.

Popular screen *comedian* succumbed *to cupid's* wiles *after he* had *wooed* beautiful *leading lady* through *several* pictures

IT REALLY began with Mildred, six years ago when she was in school in Philadelphia, and used to see Harold Lloyd on the screen.

Harold isn't a romantic figure, you'll admit, with his horn-rimmed, eyeless eyeglasses.

"But there was always something nice about him," said Mildred once to me, "something clever and distinguished from other boys, even in his comedy make-up. I used to wish I knew him.

"And just imagine that he should have sought me out as his leading lady, and now I'm his wife!"

Well, there is some romance left in the world—page Mildred and Harold.

As for Harold—well, he admits to a sense of fate, too, when he sent out a broadcast, three years ago, for the wistful-eyed little girl whom he had seen playing opposite Bryant Washburn in a Lasky picture, and who afterward had dropped completely out of sight.

You see, Harold and Bebe Daniels had been engaged. But a quarrel ended their engagement, though they remained good friends. Then Bebe got her starring chance with Lasky, and left Harold.

That was three years ago.

Harold looked about him for a leading woman. He must make no mistake, for Bebe had been very popular.

Suddenly he remembered the beautiful Mildred Davis.

He had never forgotten her lovely and expressive face. But where was she?

He inquired everywhere. Nobody knew where she was. Finally he met a man in one of the studios who thought she was in the State of Washington. So Harold advertised; he sent word through friends to comb the theatres of Tacoma and other large cities. Finally he got a trace of her, sent a letter to Tacoma. It reached her.

Mildred had been very young when she played in the Bryant Washburn picture. She did it more "for fun," than anything else. Then she decided to go back to school, and think no more about pictures, especially as her parents were rather strait-laced folks who thought pictures just a little bit wicked.

"But it certainly seemed like fate rapping at my door," said Mildred, "and besides I had always thought Harold a wonderful boy, just from seeing him in pictures. I was curious to know him personally. So I coaxed papa and mamma to come to Los Angeles and let me play in pictures."

Harold and Mildred were sweethearts almost at once. And they were like a couple of kids. Harold is a boyish sort of person, and Mildred is just a gay little kid. They loved all sorts of kiddish sports, and Mildred told me with glee, last year, of the Hallowe'en tricks they had played on their friends.

But they denied they were engaged.

Harold always advised Mildred in all her business affairs.

"He sits down on the sofa and bosses me like a father," said Mildred once.

"You are not sitting beside him when he bosses you?" I asked.

"Certainly not!" grinned Mildred. "I don't like being bossed," she pouted.

But just the same you could see she didn't mind it very much when Harold was the bosser.

But the course of true love never did run smooth, and I hear that Harold didn't like it a bit when Mildred went away and formed her own company. There was almost a split at one time, I believe, with a Pasadena boy running strong for Mildred's affections. Pasadena is the millionaire colony of Los Angeles.

Afterward she confessed there had never been anybody but Harold, really.

THE PAIR were fairly clever at keeping their engagement secret. Both apparently played the field, and often as not Marie Mosquini accompanied the two to dances and theatres.

"Oh, I don't remember when Harold first proposed," said Mildred. "He did it two or three times. But I think the first time was one moonlight night at the beach. I was afraid it was just the moon that was the matter with him, so I didn't say yes, that time."

When Harold began building an elaborate home, with a beautiful suite of rooms, people began to wonder if he really was doing it all for his brother Gaylord and his sister-in-law and their baby.

There was one room in particular, a rose-colored boudoir in which a blonde would fit beautifully, that looked very suspicious indeed.

(*Continued on page 29*)

Prodigal Daughters

A gripping story of jazz music and youthful folly in two absorbing instalments

Fictionized by

Edward Ettinger

From the Paramount screen version of the novel by

Joseph Hocking

Elinor (Swiftie) wondered what *Garside's* plans were.

AH, THERE she is!" remarked one of the passengers, leaning against the rail. "The girl whom we all adore—the good old Statue of Liberty. I certainly am glad to see her."

"And so am I,' 'agreed J. D. Forbes, the head of the Forbes Locomotive Works. "If that dear old girl wishes to see me again, she'll have to turn completely around, for I don't intend to leave the United States any more. I'm going home now and I intend to stay there."

Forbes had been in Europe for six years and he was fed up with it. This, in spite of the fact that the locomotive contracts which he had secured there, had enlarged his business to such an extent that he was now listed among America's ten richest men.

At heart, Forbes was a domestic man. He had a home and he liked to be there. He had a family and he liked to be with them. As he stood by the rail, he wondered would he be able to recognize his daughters if they were waiting for him at the pier. Elinor was fifteen years old when he left her. She would be twenty-one now. Marjorie was eleven years old then and would be seventeen now. Full well did he realize that girls changed considerably during those tender years. Still, he would always recognize his wife.

"I left them as children," he thought, "but they must be grown up ladies now."

When the boat docked and he walked down the gang plank, he expected his wife and daughters to come rushing over to greet him. His eyes swept the waiting crowd, but he could see no signs of them. It was quite a disappointment to him. It was not what he had pictured. He waited a reasonable length of time, then got into a taxi and rode home.

The butler was overjoyed at the sight of J. D. If his dignity permitted, he would have actually kissed him. A hundred times he repeated how glad he was to see the master home again. And he would have repeated it for the hundred and first time, had not Mrs. Forbes come down.

J. D. ran over to her, threw his arms around her and kissed her. Then he held her out at arm's length.

"Alice," he exclaimed, "you are looking splendid! Oh, it feels wonderful to be home again!"

"I'm so glad you're back, J. D.," she said, "but you'll have to pardon me now, for I must run along. I have a very important club meeting which I must attend."

"Where are the girls?" he asked.

"They went to a matinee. Just make yourself comfortable, J. D. I'll be back for supper at seven."

She kissed him on the cheek and left.

J. D. went into the library, lit a big cigar and sat down in the great big arm chair.

"That's a fine reception after six years' absence," he muttered. "I seem to be as welcome here as measles in an orphan asylum."

He could not understand it. Didn't the fact that their father had come home mean anything to the girls? Weren't they anxious to see him?

The hours dragged by until the clock pointed to seven. Then the girls arrived. They were quite a surprise to J. D. They were beautiful girls, tall and stunning, dressed in the latest fashions of flapperdom. A slight frown passed over his face as he noticed the penciled eyebrows, the rouged cheeks and the carmined lips. But he quickly checked himself. This was no time to find fault, on his first day at home. The frown changed to a smile and he opened his arms wide to greet them.

The next day found J. D. back in the harness again at the locomotive works. He found a mass of work there which had to be attended to immediately and so he telephoned his wife that he would not be home until the end of the week.

ON SATURDAY he came home to enjoy the day with his family. But there was very little family at home.

"Where are the girls?" he asked.

"They went on a week-end party," his wife informed him.

"With whom?"

"Alone."

"Without a chaperon?"

"Certainly."

"And you permitted them to go?"

"Of course. This isn't the first week-end party they've gone to alone. I'm afraid, J. D., that the girls were right. They weren't very much overjoyed at your home coming. They suspected that you still retained those old-fashioned ideas. I suppose you will have to know it sooner or later. The world has changed since you went away. The war did a great many things and among others, it gave woman a new freedom. The girl of today is different from the girl of six years ago. She demands the same freedom as man. Sons are given latch keys, and so daughters demand theirs today. Chaperons are a thing of the past, like hoopskirts. You couldn't keep the girls home nowadays if you had ten policemen camping on the front door steps."

"But I won't tolerate such nonsense from my girls."

"Now don't act foolish, J. D. Don't act like a Rip Van Winkle. Wake up! This is a new era for women."

A LITTLE sport roadster drew up in front of the country home of Stanley Garside. That machine, which was originally built for two, now carried three. Elinor sat in the driver's seat. Alongside of her sat Lester Hodges, a young song writer, and on his lap sat Marjorie.

Garside, a middle-aged bachelor, wealthy and handsome, with a pleasing personality where women were concerned, came out to welcome his guests.

"I'm very glad you came, Swiftie," he said, addressing Elinor by the name given her by her friends. "It would have been a very dull party without you. And how are you, Marjorie? And you, Lester, you old jazz creator?"

"Bent for hell without a return ticket," Lester replied.

They all went inside.

It was a gay party; the kind for which Garside was famous—plenty of drinks, plenty of smokes and plenty of jazz. Conventions were thrown aside. Freedom reigned. These wild, restless flappers, ever on the lookout for new sensations, were dancing in a manner, which, if he had seen them, would have given old J. D. a stroke of apoplexy. The few who were not dancing were busy playing roulette in the adjoining room.

It was Lester Hodges who suggested that they all go out to Garside's broadcasting radio station and send out a few messages. The idea appealed to Swiftie and, taking hold of Garside's arm, she went out. The others followed.

"What will it be, Swiftie?" someone asked.

"I'll give a toast to pleasure," she replied.

And so she broadcasted a toast to pleasure and worldliness, a message which was a mixture of Flapperism, Bohemianism, and a dash of Omar Khayam.

(*Continued on page* 28)

Where Fan Meets Fan

HAVE YOU EVER MET A SCREEN STAR?

Many of you, perhaps, have had the good fortune to see your film favorites in person. If so, we should like to hear your experience. For the best letter on this subject, that will not exceed 150 words, we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to LIFE'S PROBLEM DEPARTMENT, "Movie Weekly," 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

For seven long years I loved, and then—lost! My darling left a blank, aching void in my life that no one could or would fill.

Death never quite erases from our memories little joys, hopes and dreams, as death, of the only one I have ever cared for, made days a barren waste and nights a torture for me.

One night, depressed and heart-weary, I saw the lights of a theatre calling to me and forgetfulness.

Comedy (a tragedy to me), news reel (a travesty of life), drew their slow, dragging forms over the silver sheet, and finally I saw "Peter Ibbetson," and watched what seemed hopeless suffering to others, but to me a dawn of a clear, understanding day.

Dreaming true, is true! Each night I have crossed my feet, and with my hands above my head—oh, the wondrous reality, my darling is given back to me! I do not question this boon, I only know that in the last sweet embrace, the scene of love when the two faithful ones are united in death, and the happiness they portrayed in their dreaming true, has brought back to me what no man could give me, my darling's dear self.

It is with surer steps I take up my burden. I believe now that death will re-unite us as it has the lovers in that play. I fear no longer that he is without me.

Some may laugh at the improbability of dreaming true, of being with the one you love, but I have walked through places I have never known on earth, with the man I love! Ah, Peter, you, too, have gone on really, and it will not be long in the time of centuries until your Dorothy joins hands with you on that great infinite stretch—eternity!

C. M.

The Love Scene in "The Christian"

The love scene I was most impressed with was in "The Christian," when Richard Dix, in feeling the urge of what he believed to be passion, tried to resist the nearness of Glory's body and her lips—but he could not! In the yielding to what seemed sinful, he really glimpsed heaven.

It seemed as though it were a lesson. When we love we call it voices from the devil and think it is not right, but if we will only warm our hearts to love, real love, we will find that God uses it to teach us beautiful things. I, too, have felt an urge, almost irresistible, but I am powerless, for love that is true is greater than man's whole life of endeavor without it.

We must learn from contrast, and as Richard Dix learned, what he believed to be Satan proved to be God, and the rejected passion was forgotten in the completeness of his life with the woman meant for him.

OLIVE WAINWRIGHT.

Eugene O'Brien Her Favorite

My favorite is and always has been Eugene O'Brien. He appeared here in his stage play, "Steve," recently, and from the attitude of the huge audience, it was easy to see how universally popular he is in his own quiet way. He is a very handsome man, with a charming, genial air. Between acts, he expressed his appreciation for his enthusiastic welcome and made a few mighty nice remarks on the death of our poor Wallace Reid, who had died the day before.

He spoke of the likable character of Reid and seemed deeply touched. His few words in behalf of his "brother of the screen" left a good impression on everyone and will not be forgotten.

I hope to see him on the screen again soon.

MRS. G. M. J.

What "Over the Hill" Did for This Fan

I have just returned from seeing "Over the Hill." The story went straight to my heart. Do you remember how Isaac and Johnnie were always so contrary to one another and how they finally shook hands? Well, I have a brother, a red-headed, freckle-faced chap, good-hearted, but with a temper as fiery as his hair. We are always irritating one another, mutual dislike, more or less, but it cannot be helped. I know I have done my share, but he is so mischievous and provoking. As he says, he likes to "get me mad." I have, however, decided against waiting till something tragic happened before making friends, as Isaac did; instead I have buried the hatchet forever and ever. And this is what movies have done for me, rather a great deal when you consider it.

B. G. M. E. L.

***Mary Astaire*, of the *"Fighting Blood"* series, seems to be rushing the season. She's already waiting for *Fourth of July*.** (PAUL GRENBEAU)

Praise for "The Flame of Life"

Last week I witnessed "The Flame of Life," starring Priscilla Dean. This picture was excellently cast and produced.

Miss Dean's portrayal of the daughter of a brutal coal miner was splendid and worthy of unlimited praise.

Wallace Beery, who enacted the part of the brutal father, was also cleverly offered.

Priscilla Dean is a most pleasing type of American womanhood, and her efforts in "The Flame of Life" I would term a climax to a successful struggle for popularity and fame.

I also want to praise the scenic effects in this photoplay. The explosion scene was the most natural I have ever seen.

I am for more pictures like "The Flame of Life" and less like "Omar the Tentmaker"; also I am sure the film fans are filled up with society bunk and flapper stories.

R. C.

"Outcast" Portrays Her Own Experience

In the picture entitled "Outcast," I saw my own experience portrayed. I am employed in an institution and met a young man there. Being down and out when he came here, no one noticed him. He came to me with his troubles and I helped him back to the straight and narrow path. He seemed to care a great deal for me and in due time I did for him. When he got up again he left here, but before going he treated me very mean. In asking for an explanation, I was told to forget. He was playing a double role all the time and deceived me to the last.

Like Elsie Ferguson in the picture, I was broken-hearted, for he made me think he cared.

Of course I did not try suicide, for any man who plays a double role and breaks the heart of one who took him out of his troubles and raised him to higher ideals isn't worthy of such a sacrifice.

THE OUTCAST.

A Close-Up of J. Warren Kerrigan

As I live in Los Angeles and as my occupation as salesman causes me to be out in the streets a great deal, I almost daily meet one or more of the screen stars walking or driving around and have in this way seen most of the celebrities and have met a few of them personally.

When in Minneapolis, J. Warren Kerrigan was making a personal appearance at a small theatre and after the picture (in which he also acted) was over, he gave a talk and then, at the exit, he shook hands with the members of the audience as they filed out. I was about the last to leave and had the pleasure of a few moments' conversation with him.

He is a regular he-man and I noticed that his hand-clasp was by no means weakened from shaking so many hands. After his long retirement, I am pleased to see that he has returned to pictures, and am looking forward to seeing his latest.

E. R. W.

A Break for Freedom

Being the third instalment of the powerful serial

"The Girl Who Came Back"

Novelized by

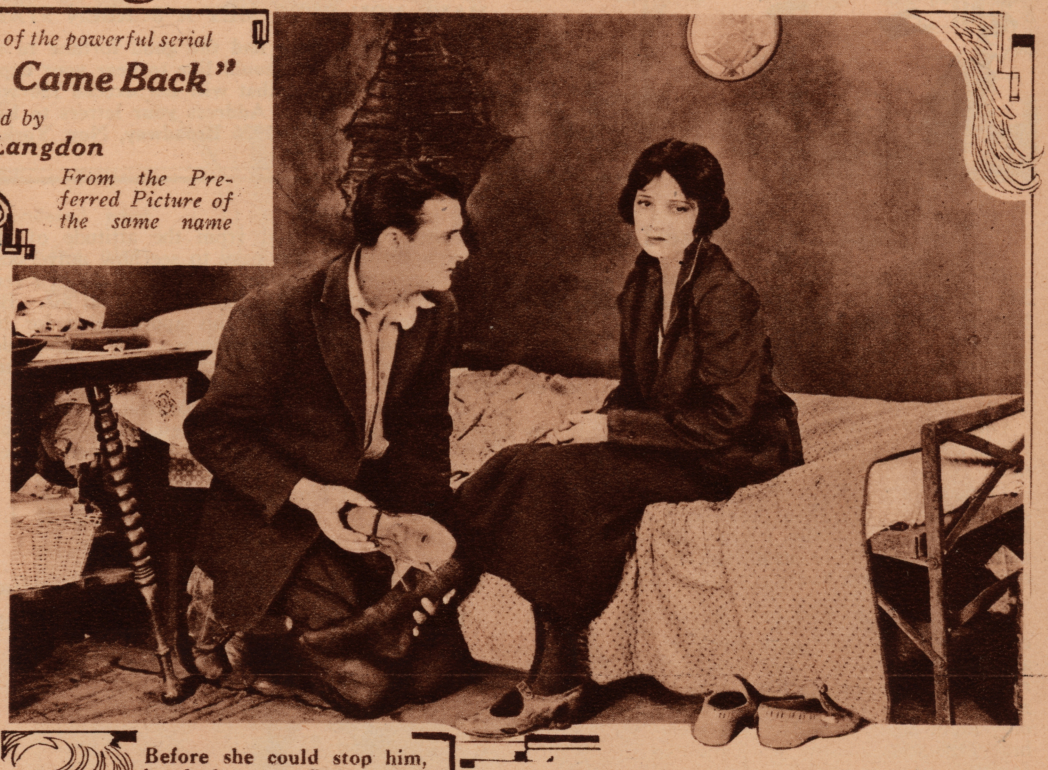
Lawrence Langdon

From the Preferred Picture of the same name

The action so far:

Sheila Weston, a country girl in New York, meets and marries Ray Underhill, whom she has met through girl friends. At the close of the marriage ceremony, however, Ray is arrested as an auto thief and she is taken along, too, on the assumption that she is one of the gang. In prison, though she is innocent, the stone walls so crush her spirit that she becomes crazed with fever.

In the meantime, Ray, in the men's prison, has made the acquaintance of Convicts No. 555 and 648.



Before she could stop him, he had torn off her wet, patched shoes.

RAY UNDERHILL'S prison pal, No. 648, had been attracted by the odd characteristics of the old lifer, No. 555, who had never spoken since the day of his conviction, save to his bird, Jim Dandy, the crow. When another convict made fun of No. 555's love for the bird, No. 648 sprang to his defense.

To everyone's surprise, No. 555 spoke:

"He tried to kill Jim Dandy," the old man croaked. "But this 'ere one"—he pointed to No. 648—"stopped him."

"That's right," the others corroborated.

"Well, the whole gang of you will have to go back to your cells," the guard ordered. "Fall in!"

No. 648 noticed that the guard looked at him kindly. Old No. 555 and Jim Dandy were well liked. The keepers approved No. 648's action.

No. 648 re-entered his cell. Ray still lay lifeless on the cot. The youthful convict had no sooner sat down than the guard who had ordered the trusties to their cells opened the barred door.

"Some one to see you in the office," he said to No. 648.

The office consisted of a pleasantly furnished waiting room, divided in the center by a network of wires, through which the convicts spoke to their visitors. No. 648 scowled as he noticed the man who had called for him, a dapper individual, loudly dressed, sporting a derby, under which curled a lock of brown hair. He recognized Ramon Valhays, a man who had figured prominently in his past.

Valhays came quickly to the point.

"Why don't you tell?" he urged. "I'll see you get out if you tell." He talked on, persuasively, quickly.

"Stop!" No. 648 interrupted him. "You got the money from the widows and orphans easily, Valhays, but you won't get it from me!"

Valhays laughed. "*I* robbed them? My friend, what about *you?* Why are you here, then?"

A menacing look made Valhays step back from the cage. No. 648's eyes flashed, his fists were clenched. "I know who framed me," he told Valhays. "Your bogus trust company did it, made me the scapegoat for the whole swindle."

"Ssh!" Valhays pleaded. "You can't prove that!"

"I know I can't, but just the same—you'll never get your fingers on the money. I'll never tell you where it is!"

VALHAYS knew he was beaten. He walked away. No. 648 went back into the prison. The yard was now empty, except where in a corner No. 555 was standing, pottering about a straggling bush, one of the few which graced the yard. To No. 648's intense surprise, the old man stopped him.

"I never liked but one man better'n' you," he said affectionately, "and I killed *him!*"

The young man thought No. 555 was joking, but the lifer went on, reminiscently, sadly: "My old pal, he was. His name was Jim. like the bird's. We quarreled over some diamonds we brung up from South Africa . . ."

A guard passed. Both were silent. When the guard was out of sight, the lifer continued: "Hot words led to it. That's why I never talked after that—'cept to the bird."

He lapsed into silence again. No. 648 was silent, too. He sympathetically stretched forth his hand, placed it on the old man's shoulder. A gleam of interest seemed to flash into the lifer's eyes. He looked quickly over his shoulder to the empty yard, then added: "I ain't got long to live. I'd die happy if I know'd somebody was doin' some good with that Kimberly claim of mine."

He began the narration of his life, his struggles for a fortune in the diamond mines of distant South Africa. It was a long story, interrupted as guards passed. But none paid any attention to the two. Both were trusted, one because he was too old to do harm, the other because his honest face and pleasant voice had won their friendship. Now that face was sad in memory, now happy; now it was eager as he whispered to No. 648: "You got special privileges. You can get out easy. You and your cell-mate get some bread every day. I'll show you how . . ."

NEARLY a year passed before No. 555's plans matured. A dreary year for No. 648 and Ray, a year in which bits of bread, rolled into hard balls between finger and thumb, took form. Larger and larger grew this hidden hoard of hard dough, concealed beneath a mattress of a cot.

Valhays no longer visited the prison. No. 648 refused to see him when he came again. Ray had no visitors until one spring day, Sheila came. Her sentence had been commuted, she told him. He seemed deeply affected by her visit. "Your letters saved me from madness!" he cried out to her. "To know that you forgave me . . . that you won't desert me . . ." He wept.

"They sent me to a box factory in the city," she told him. "I'll write again soon . . ."

At last came the day for which the three men, the lifer, No. 648 and Ray, had looked forward to with such keen hopes. In the morning No. 555 came to the others' cell. "At mess call, you hide in the yard," he whispered to them. "Then at dusk . . . over the fence."

At mess time, the dummy of dough, a figure that seemed to be lying on the cot, reading in the dim light of the cell, deceived a passing guard. The figure lay on Ray's bed. The other cot, that of No. 648, was empty.

Hours passed. Dusk grew near. Night had fallen when the warden appeared in the cell tier.

"Where's No. 648?" he asked a guard.

"Thought he was in your office working, sir," the guard replied. They were standing before No. 555's cell. The old man stroked the crow and smiled.

The warden and the guard hurried on to the cell of No. 648 and Ray. They opened the door. A figure lay on the bed. They glanced at it, ripped off the bed covers. The dummy of dough slumped off the cot, rolled to the floor, broke into bits.

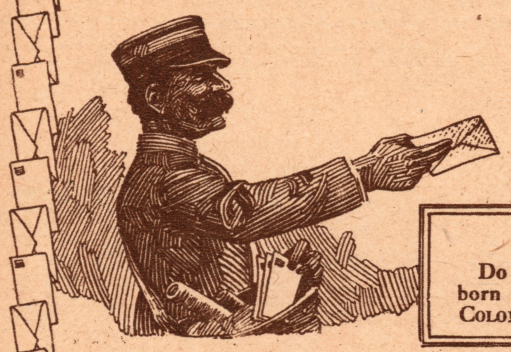
A moment later the big sirens of the prison shrieked through the night. Two prisoners had escaped.

The convict is an outcast. He has no friends. He expects no help save from his own kind, those who have broken society's laws. When Ray Underhill and Convict No. 648 darted to freedom from the grim, forbidding walls of Clinamara Prison, they took to the woods. In the tree sheltered paths of the woodlands they concealed themselves, foraging at dawn for food sufficient to last them for the day. Their plans had been carefully made. A day in the woods near the prison, then a quick dash down the lonely valley of the Clinamara River to Rowville. There they hoped to hide safely in an old house which No. 648 owned.

The sun was high, the day hot, as they lingered in the leafy paths of the forest, carefully guarding every avenue of approach. The rustling of the leaves, the snapping of twig, the unaccustomed note of a bird, each alarmed them. Their nerves were tense as, after darkness came, they began their flight toward Rowville, civilian clothes and possible freedom.

ALL THROUGH the night they hurried on, their shadowy forms concealed from the highroad by the river bank. At dawn, they again sought concealment, this time in another patch of woodland. Their food was now gone, they were thirsty, but so long as the sun hung in the heavens they dared not emerge from the shelter of the trees.

(*Continued on page 30*)



Fan Would Give Penny to Meet Rudolph

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you want to know when and where your favorite screen star was born or whether he—or she—is married? If so, then write to the COLONEL. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply

JACKIE—That was a charming valentine you made me, and I certainly appreciate your thoughtfulness. I can't help it if the editor won't put a picture of Buck Jones in the magazine when I ask him to. Yes, Buck Jones is married; he doesn't give his age. He has brown hair and gray eyes, and his hobbies are horseback riding and dogs. He has quite a collection of dogs. He is five feet eleven inches tall. Yes, he is a real cowboy, or at least he was before he went into the movies. You can write him for his picture at 1954 Crasena Drive Los Angeles. His latest picture is "Boys of Camp Four."

DOLLY DIMPLES—So you think the stout mail man at the top of my column lost your previous letter. Maybe he ate it and that's why he's so stout. Was it a big letter? Theda Bara is thirty; she is American, though her mother I believe is French. Her eyes are black. Joseph Striker's address is The Lambs' Club, 130 W. 44th St., New York City. I don't think he is married. The title role in "The Flirt" was played by Eileen Percy; her address is Universal City, California. Estelle Taylor's address is Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Thanks for the drawing of me, but didn't you give me a shriveled arm?

TOMMY—So you think I am pretty good at answering questions. Thanks for the compliment; it's pleasant to know one is good at something. Thomas Meighan is forty; his address is Famous Players Studio, Astoria, Long Island. His latest picture is "The Ne'er Do Well." Yes, he might send you his picture on request.

GOOGIE EYES—Please don't start working those eyes on me; I'm terribly susceptible. Rudolph is now traveling on a transcontinental dancing tour, so he can best be reached in care of his manager, Jack Curley, 110 W. 40th St., New York. Lila Lee, c/o Famous Players, Astoria, Long Island. Dick Barthelmess, Lambs' Club, 130 W. 44th St., New York. Mrs. Wallace Reid lives at 8327 De Longpre Ave., Los Angeles. I don't know whether she is sending out her husband's photographs or not but you can ask her.

A FRIEND—Isn't that great, to have an anonymous friend—especially one who sends me valentines, or rather a valentine? You are hereby thanked.

A FAN—Glad you think my page is interesting. I can say the same for your letter. Gloria Swanson will probably send you her picture if you write her at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Write to Norma for hers at 1540 Broadway New York and to Bebe Daniels at the Famous Players' Studio, Astoria, Long Island.

A GOOD FRENCH CANADIAN—I'm glad you're a good one. Thomas Meighan was born in Pittsburgh in 1883. His wife is Frances Ring. A year's subscription for "Movie Weekly" in Canada costs $5.00, and you can subscribe for any length of time.

R. S. V. P.—Who is my favorite screen star? Just think how bad all the others would feel if I confessed. Lucille Carlisle's address is Vitagraph Studio, 7108 Talmadge St., Hollywood. Mary

***"Lost and Found"* is the name of this picture taken in *Tahiti*. Whatever it is that *Pauline Stark* and *House Peters* lost, they seem to have found each other.**

Astor's address is 44 W. 10th St., New York. Pauline Starke's picture—a double page one—has never appeared in "Movie Weekly."

VIVIAN—So you're sending me a box of kisses. I do hope they don't get stale, or that someone doesn't steal them on the way. Thomas Meighan and Lila Lee both get their mail, at present; at the Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island. Jack Holt is about thirty-five; write him for his picture at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood Agnes Ayres is about twenty-five. Write to Nazimova for her picture at 1476 Broadway, New York.

THEODORE KOSLOFF'S ADMIRER—Then you will be sorry to hear that Theodore is deserting the screen and going back to his dancing. He is married, and is about forty years old. Did you see the interview with your favorite, Harrison Ford in the February 24th issue of Movie Weekly?

H. W. MAC—So good of you not to ask me too many questions. Agnes Ayres' address is Famous Players Studio, Astoria, Long Island, but I don't know how good she is about sending her picture to her fans. Charles Jones' address is Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

RAY T.—So you want to know why there isn't any contest for male stars. Well, after sitting up all night to think out the answer to that momentous question, I have finally reached a conclusion. I think it's because men don't send in as pretty photographs for the magazines to publish. A pretty girl is a pretty girl, but what's a man? No, Bebe Daniels is not married. She is from Texas and so is Dorothy De Vore. The only way to obtain a picture of any star is to ask for it from the star in question.

GOLDYLOCKS—I'm all puffed up over the valentine you sent, with a key to your heart an' everything. I'm keeping it in a safe place, perhaps it might even open somebody's front door for me.

MERRY MIXUP—By all means, if there must be a mixup, let it be merry. Tom Mix is in his forties. He lives at 5941 Carleton Way. Hollywood, where you can write him for a picture. I think he will send you one. I don't know why we never see pictures of Mrs. Tom and the baby, perhaps they don't care about the limelight. Thanks for your good wishes that the Ku Klux doesn't get me, but I guess I'm harmless.

M. C. T.—Sorry to be so late with your answer, but the old postman insists on bringing me more questions that I can find room to answer on this page. Betty Compson's latest picture is "The White Flower." Rodolph Valentino is touring the country now, appearing in various dance palaces. It is rather hard to get a personal letter from a movie star because they get many more letters than they could ever find time to answer.

A LOVER OF RUDY—That's not entirely original of you, is it? No, the rumor of Rudolph's playing in "Ben Hur" turned out to be untrue Yes, I have seen Rudolph personally and he looks exactly the same as he does on the screen. There was a picture of Rodolph in our Art Series for March 4, 1922.

D'ARTAGNAN—No, indeed, I won't think you piggish. How could I— I've never seen you. In "The Three Musketeers," Athos was played by Leon Barry; Parthos by George Seigman and Aramis by Eugene Palette; M, De Treville was played by Willis Robard, and Thomas Holding played the Duke of Buckingham.

MISS WRIGLEY—I suppose then, that you chew gum. I see you want Moore information. Tom Moore is married to Rene Adoree and Owen Moore is Kathryn Perry's husband. No, Mary Pickford has never had any children.

MARY LAND—So you'd give a penny to see Rodolph in person. Well, I'm sure he wouldn't want you to be so extravagant.

ANNA D.—What color is my hair? I dunno; sometimes I gaze at it in the mirror trying to figure out what color it is trying to be. Thomas Meighan is married to Frances Ring. Harrison Ford is divorced from Beatrice Prentice. Mahlon Hamilton is married to a non-professional.

J. O. H.—I'm sorry, I don't know of any book you can buy with pictures of movie stars—unless it's Movie Weekly.

MR. R. E. H.—No, I don't think Barbara La Marr would marry you if you went to Hollywood and asked her. I don't wish to disparage your charms, but the fact is that Barbara already has a husband and I'm afraid you'd be a little superfluous.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

Poor Rudy Gets Blamed

"The women are all crazy since Rudolph Valentino came to town," is the statement made by a Chicago judge, when a woman hailed her former husband to court for annoying her with his attentions.

Hubby said he had been visiting his former wife regularly for the last six months and she never had objected before and what-the-Sam-Hill was the matter with her now? And then the judge told him!

"She will be all right as soon as Rudolph leaves," the court assured him.

Heavens, such fatal fascination!

He Calls Himself Rudolph Now

Rodolph is Rudolph again, so he says, though he hasn't offered any prizes to the fan who can best keep track of his changes of name. But it seems that Famous Players preferred Rodolph as the spelling and the sheik was so known. But now that he is on his own again, he prefers "Rudolph."

Anyway, it matches Rudy better!

Frank Borzage as a Hero

Not all heroes get roses pinned on them, or medals. Frank Borzage is known merely as a director, but he happens to be a hero as well. He earned the title the other day when he saved Frankie Lee from injury.

He and the small actor were standing on the balcony of a property house, when the balustrade on which they were leaning gave way and they both had a great fall. But Mr. Borzage managed to turn himself in such a way that Frankie fell on top of him and was unhurt. The director himself was picked up unconscious.

The next morning, when Mr. Borzage came on the set, he found his chair gaily draped with colored bunting and nearby was a gorgeous silk floss pillow, hand-made and everything. A note pinned to the pillow explained all, as the sub-titles put it:

"Dear Mr. Borzage: Please akcept this cushion as a token of my appreciation for your saving my life in the fall. I was awful sorry that you got bumped so bad. Yours truly, Frankie Lee."

Madge Bellamy To Be Starred

Madge Bellamy is to be starred at last. She will be one of the youngest stars in the business, being under twenty. She has just signed a three-year contract with Thomas Ince to play in a series of special productions, at least one a year to be directed by Mr. Ince himself.

Madge has just built a beautiful home for herself and her mother in the Beverly Hills district of Hollywood. She has a rose garden where she works in between pictures and raises lovely roses.

She has a blooming good time of it!

Irene Rich Gets Bitten

Irene Rich got bitten by a dog suspected of having rabies and had to be rushed to Los Angeles to undergo the Pasteur treatment.

The accident occurred at Big Bear, California, where Miss Rich was on location. Two of the malamutes were fighting and Miss Rich tried to separate them. She'll never try to do such a thing again! For, as usually happens in such circumstances, one of the dogs turned his attentions to her. She was badly bitten in the arm, and one of the property men had to come to her rescue.

She has played in many Canadian pictures with dogs, but this is the first time she has ever been bitten. And, it is unnecessary to add, she hopes it will be the last.

"I'm having a perfectly ducky time," says *Madge Bellamy.* (HOOVER)

Little Ben in the Big Town

Ben Turpin isn't one of these wild rounders that gets home from parties just in time to shake hands with the milk man, no, sir-ee. Ben has just returned from New York to Hollywood, and he declares that even the Follies had little lure for him. He likes to get his beauty sleep, and in spite of the night life all around him, he pulled down his curtains and went to sleep at eight o'clock or thereabouts.

Also Ben is an early riser. He got up every morning around 6:30 while he was in the metropolis. One morning he met the hotel clerk in the lobby.

"Just getting home to bed?" asked the clerk.

"Nope, just getting up," responded Ben.

The clerk fainted.

Screen Stars and Their Proteges

It seems to be quite the style now for screen stars to adopt proteges. Alice Calhoun is the latest to do so. During her vacation she became interested in two little girls, who she feels need her help.

One is a little girl named Helen Brown, who lives in Brooklyn and who is suffering from heart disease. The little shut-in depends on Miss Calhoun for letters and presents as her only entertainment.

The other protege is Frances Wooley, who lives near San Diego. She is so brilliant and talented that Miss Calhoun feels she has a wonderful future as an artist and is going to aid in her education.

Charles Ray Has Some Proteges, Too

And Charles Ray is to take a hand in the careers of several promising youngsters. They are Harry Hill and a boy known as Roy.

Roy is a sort of glorified office boy, who came to the Ray studio seeking work as an actor, impressed Mr. Ray as being a good worker. Roy said he would do anything around the studio—be office boy or play atmosphere. But whatever he did, he wanted to put on make-up. So Roy does odd jobs about the studio, all dolled up in Pilgrim scenery, high hat and everything.

Harry Hill, the other protege, blew in, literally speaking, to the Ray home one night of a big storm. He seemed a clever boy, and he was unusual enough not to tell Ray that he had admired him so much and seen all his pictures. He admitted that he had only seen one picture of Charlie's, "The Tailor Made Man."

"But," said the boy, "I thought that if the boy in that story could rise, so could I."

So Charlie is helping him to do so. He is Charlie's fast errand boy.

UNDER the COOPER-HEWITTS with The CAMERAMAN

Lights . . . We hear. That Mabel Normand. Has returned to the Coast. Where she will shortly commence work on her new picture, "Mary Ann." After a protracted sojourn abroad. Miss Normand was asked by a representative of Movie Weekly. If she did not hate to get back to work. After so long a vacation. To which she replied. Quite cleverly, too, we thought. That work is frequently more fun than fun is. But has Miss Normand thought. Of another phase of the matter? Of this? That fun is frequently more work. Than work is? As a comedienne. She should know.

HARRY DURANT. The erstwhile scenario editor. For Famous Players. Has become enbroiled. In legal difficulties. With Mary Astor. The charming young actress. Who has appeared on the screen. In various productions. Harry, it seems. Is claiming a contract. In which twenty-five per cent. of Miss Astor's earnings. Will go to him. As her agent. And job procurer. Well! we do not know the merits of the case. Nor do we attempt to pass judgment. We only know. That in making the contract. Harry Durant. Did not give himself. The worst of it.

CONRAD NAGEL. Is in New York. Having journeyed hither. From the West Coast. From Hollywood. Which he tells a representative of Movie Weekly. Is a hick town. Why, we wonder. Do screen stars so industriously strive to convey the impression. That the mecca of films, so-called. Is a place of rural innocence? It recalls a conversation we once had. With a country doctor. Who remarked. Why, there's more corruption in a small town. Than there is in a city. We wonder. Tell us, Mr. Nagel. Is Hollywood a small town? Or a city?

SPEAKING OF MR. NAGEL. Reminds us of the Morning Telegraph. Which recently referred to him as "young Nagel." In two of its stories. Which would argue apparently. That it was not accidental. We have seen Mr. Nagel. And having seen him. We wonder. How the Morning Telegraph. In referring to him as "young Nagel." Gets that way.

A MOVIE ACTRESS. We happen to know. A sweet young thing. Who matriculated. In the Ziegfeld school of art. And then sought fame and fortune on the silver sheet. Went not long ago. And obtained an audience with David Belasco. She wished, it seemed. To secure an engagement. On the legitimate stage. So she stated her case to Mr. Belasco. Who heard her through and then inquired. What experience have you had? Well, she said. I've been in the "Follies." And on the "Roof." At which Mr. Belasco, paternally replied. Well, child. You must have had *some* experience.

THE PARAMOUNT BALL. Was a great success. We are credibly informed. For it was our great misfortune. To miss this carnival. Of regal entertainment. And among other things we learn. That Eugene Walter. The quandom playwright. Was among those present. Which reminds us of "Rain." The current dramatic hit. And of how Mr. Walter. Who was called to re-write it. But whose services were not availed of. Wanted to call it. "Red Light Sadie." We're glad that "Rain." Remained as it was written. Despite the handicap. Of having to forego. The delectable title. Of "Red Light Sadie."

SOME YEARS AGO. When we were employed by one of the largest motion picture companies in existence. We were moved to expostulate mildly. And not unreasonably, we think. At the company's procedure. In filming a section of New York's Fifth Avenue. Out in Hollywood. Although, we contended. The Hollywood Fifth Avenue. Might satisfy the folks out in Oshkosh. It never would us. Who were born quite near it. And now we learn. That they are going to film the superproduction of "Hollywood." In New York.

A HINDU MYSTIC. Named Swami Yoganonda. Has announced to the world. That he has out Couéd Coué. In mental suggestion. Explaining that by the power of the will. Coué proposed only the attainment of health. But that he. The Swami Yogananda. Guaranteed the muscles of an athlete. All by the power of the mind. Or the brain. Whichever you prefer. Well. Although we know that it's a bum joke. We can't help wondering. If a necessary condition to this. Is that one have the brain. Of a dumbell.

POLI NEGRI. And Charlie Chaplin. Have astonished the world. And left it guessing. By the frequent change. In their amatory relationship. One day they are engaged. Another, it is broken. Causing many folks to wonder. If the story of their love and impending marriage. Is not a publicity stunt. And nothing more. We do not think so. We think they are just like anyone in love. Assailed by all the usual doubts and qualms. Because. A girl told us recently. That she had talked with Charlie Chaplin. Just after his return from Europe. And that Charlie had told her. Of meeting Pola Negri. And of how the Polish screen star. Had fascinated him. So that he could think of nothing else. Well! People don't get that way. For publicity purposes.

OUT IN HOLLYWOOD. A movie actor. Has committed suicide. Ascribing as his reason. In a note of explanation. That he "felt his mind slipping." This and nothing more. Well, we are startled. By such merciless candor. Of the human heart. And we shudder to contemplate. What would happen to the human family. If all the rest of its unhappy members. Were equally as candid. And equally as brave.

JACKIE COOGAN. Is back in Hollywood. Where the infant prodigy. Is hard at work. On his new picture. "Long Live the King." Well, now. We don't know whether. There's a love story. In the production. Or not. But we know something of its principal actor's feelings. In this regard. Jackie, we said. As he stood beside us. Do you like girls? To which he replied: I like Jimmy Lloyd. Jimmy, be it known, is Alma. The small daughter of Frank Lloyd. His director. Why, Jackie. Do you like Jimmy? We casually asked him. And Jackie answered: Oh, I don't know. I just do. Which, after all. Is as much reason. We really think. As we ever have. For liking anyone. Even after. We grow up. We just do.

Is This What You Want?

(*Continued from page* 3)

And is the public so blood-thirsty a creature that it demands human sacrifice for its thrills?

With honest horror we read of the combats of the gladiators in ancient Rome. Strong men fought to death in the imperial arena for the entertainment of the royal Caesar and his subjects.

But has civilization progressed very far when men take such risks today for the mere advertisement of a moving picture? After all, what would have been gained if "Spider" Young had succeeded —had actually reached the top of the Martinique?

Nothing whatever.

It is inconceivable that the American public really wishes such barbarous things done for its amusement. The basic appeal of such an exhibition is fundamentally savage. That vast audience gathered in Herald Square remained there because it knew that a man was going to risk his life and if anything did happen to him, they wanted to be there and see it. And they did see it.

This was an uncivilized exhibition. It was worthy of the jungle. It should never have been permitted in a law-abiding, civilized community.

The American public is civilized enough to love the gentle art of Mary Pickford. It has treasured warmly to its heart the madcap charm and wistful tenderness of the Talmadge sisters. Freely it has given of its applause to the harmless and beguiling antics of Charlie Chaplin.

It has not, really desired, I am certain, to be entertained after the fashion of Nero and the arena. This was an inconceivably stupid and vicious accident. The price paid for advertising that picture was the death of a strong man and the bereavement and horror of his beautiful wife.

LIFE is a precious thing, but it is not too precious that it should not be yielded up when necessary. A rumor was recently cabled from Europe that King Alphonso of Spain intended to abdicate. In laying a corner stone a few days later, the monarch disposed of that rumor by frankly denying it.

"I will not abdicate," said he, "but I am willing at all times to give up my life for my country."

The aviator carrying on the long battle to conquer the air may lose his life. But he has yielded it up in a fine and worthy endeavor.

The chemist may be poisoned in his laboratory.

The explorer may die on some bleak and lonely slope.

The soldier may fall upon the battlefield for a true cause.

In all such cases, men give the best within them, but humanity is served by their sacrifice.

"Spider" Young served not at all. He died, and the world is just the same; nor will it ever be helped by his death, unless the tragedy gives us pause and makes us see the uselessness of such folly.

It is time that the moving picture world heard a voice in protest against such unnecessary and bloody sensationalism. We believe that the moving picture patrons of America will be shocked and outraged by this unnecessary and horrible tragedy. For its thrills the public is willing to accept less dangerous performances, less risk, less idiotic folly.

You, whose hand will soon turn this page, are a part of that public, and Movie Weekly asks you the question:

Is this the kind of thing you want in the pictures?

Prodigal Daughters

(*Continued from page* 22)

"Great stuff that was," remarked Garside as they went back to the ballroom. "That will shake up some of the advocates of the Blue Laws."

The orchestra played and they danced. Garside, who had already partaken of a little too much bootleg whiskey, attempted to kiss Swiftie. She tried to repulse him, but he was insistent. He would have his kiss. Swiftie, however, managed to free herself from his embrace. She dodged among the dancers and ran out on the grounds. It was very dark and she could not see where she was running to. She imagined Garside was following and so kept on until she ran plumb into the arms of a young man.

He held her for a moment and looked down at her smilingly.

"Saved!" he said. "My fairy queen, you are safe!"

SWIFTIE released herself from his embrace and looked at him. He was dressed in an aviator's costume.

"Where did you come from?" she asked.

"I dropped from the clouds," he explained. "There is my bird." He pointed to the aeroplane. "I was riding along peacefully, when through my radio receiver I heard a wonderful voice delivering a toast to pleasure. I judged that this was the place it came from, so I came down to meet that wonderful voice. And if I am not mistaken, I believe it was you who broadcasted that message. Did you?"

"Yes, Mr. Bird-man. And now that you have found me, what do you intend to do?"

"I haven't made up my mind yet."

"Let me help you, if you can't think fast enough. Why not invite the lady for a ride in your aeroplane?"

"Would you go?"

"Of course."

"My, but you're game. Don't you stop to think of the chances you are taking? You know, you can get out of an automobile and walk home, but you are helpless in an aeroplane."

Swiftie quickly appraised him from head to foot.

"Come on, Mr. Bird-man, you look perfectly harmless. I'll go."

They got into the aeroplane and sailed away.

"Like it?" he asked.

"Fine!"

"Now tell me your name."

"Elinor Forbes, alias Swiftie Forbes, at your service."

"You are the daughter of J. D. Forbes?"

"Yes, do you know my dad?"

"I should say I do. He's my father's partner. My name is Corbin—Roger Corbin. I'm the master engineer at the locomotive works. If I had known you were Forbes' daughter, I wouldn't——"

"Now stop talking like a Sunday School teacher. What are you afraid of? Losing your job?"

"No, it isn't fair to him. I'm going to take you right back now."

But Roger was prevented from going back, for a terrific electric storm broke out and he was compelled to descend immediately. They found a lonely roadhouse.

As the two sat before the open fireplace, Roger gently put his hand on Swiftie's.

"What's the idea?" she demanded. "Trying to start a petting party?"

Roger turned red with embarrassment. Oh, how he detested these flappers with their bold remarks. And yet the presence of this girl was having a peculiar effect upon him. There was something within him that was calling for her. He felt a mad desire to hug her and kiss her.

"Elinor," the name escaped from his lips.

"Yes, dear," she said with mocking sweetness..

"I love you, Elinor!" he blurted out.

"Now, isn't that cute?" she said very sarcastically.

Once more he turned red. This girl had an uncanny way of belittling a man.

They were silent for a moment.

"Well?" she finally asked.

"Well, what?"

"Why don't you do something?" she said sneeringly. "You tell a girl you're in love with her and then you sit like a wooden image. What a wonderful caveman you would make. Oh, you make me tired. You're nothing but a plaster saint and an old-fashioned Puritan. Good night, I'm going to my room. Don't forget to say your prayers, goody-goody."

Roger sat there amazed. This type of girl was new to him. He felt like kicking himself for not taking her in his arms and kissing her, but how could he do that to a girl whom he had only known for two hours.

ABOUT a week later, the crisis came. J. D. had been observing his daughters for some time and his patience was now exhausted. He called them into his den.

"Sit down!" he said in a commanding tone. "I wish to ask you a few questions. Since when have you been smoking?"

"For years," Elinor replied.

"Do you think it is nice?"

"Of course. Everyone smokes."

"And about those little flasks you carry along?"

"It's the genuine stuff," Marjorie put in. "Want to try some, dad? It's one hundred proof. A friend of mine is a bootlegger and he supplies me."

"And you girls drink that stuff?"

"Of course. Everyone does. Oh, dad, can't you realize that this is a new world. The old-fashioned ideas went out when grandma died. This is a new era. The era of Jazz. Everything previous to this will be known as B. J., Before Jazz."

"Well, I, for one, am old-fashioned. I don't approve of this era and I don't approve of the way in which my daughters are behaving. You'll have to cut out smoking, drinking and all night Jazz parties. They are undignified, unladylike and common."

"What do you intend to do? Shut us up like nuns?"

"No, you can have pleasure, but it must be decent pleasure."

"Well," said Elinor, "if you think I'm going to tolerate such an existence, you are mistaken."

"I won't, either," chimed in Marjorie.

They got up from their seats and walked out, leaving J. D. alone.

"Well, the nerve of those kids!" he remarked. "I'll teach them."

But he did not get the opportunity, for the next morning he found this note on the library table:

"Dear Folks:

We have decided to go away. To live here under the rule of an old-fashioned tyrant is intolerable. We will not submit to being treated like children. Do not try to find us, for it is useless. We will not come back."

ELINOR AND MARJORIE.

(*Continued next week*)

Song Writer to Screen Star

(*Continued from page* 19)

a possible member of his company. Finally I received a cable from him, and I dropped everything, rushed through the picture I was working on, working nights, so as to reach America in time.

"At last I arrived here. I had been here before the war, and for a few months after peace, but I was positively thrilled this time. The second day of my arrival I found myself walking into a room where sat Mr. Griffith, Mae Marsh, lovely old Kate Bruce, and other famous folk, and I said to myself:

"'This isn't real, this!'

"But then I knew that it was real, that this was my chance, and that I was going to put myself entirely in Mr. Griffith's hands for him to do with me as he pleased."

An unusual British type is Novello. An exceptional, totally exceptional, young man. It won't take him long to find his way into the hearts of American fans.

For he is sincere, talented, and . . . good-looking. What more can a girl ask of a screen star?

And what love songs he could write, if he could only find the inspiration . . .!"

"Hollywood is a Hick Town" Says Conrad Nagel

(*Continued from page* 13)

"Yes," Mr. Nagel agreed, "and even if you have been used to a large city, a few years out there put you all out of touch with things. It's so far away from the rest of the world that you soon get to be a small-town person even if you didn't start out that way."

But if these screen people are provincial, they don't look it. Conrad, for instance, in his rough tweed suit, could never be taken for a small-town hick. He's a quiet, well-bred, well-poised gentleman—and, incidentally, he neither drinks nor smokes. But he doesn't care particularly to have his personal habits written about.

"One interviewer," he explains, "wrote a story about me which said that I went to the studios with a little black book as a sort of missionary, trying to convert all the screen players. It went on to state that I didn't let my wife keep any servants, but helped her with the housework myself."

"And do you?" I asked eagerly. What a charming husband!

"I do *not!*" he said emphatically. "The interview said that I always wheeled the baby's perambulator myself. Before it finished, I was made out to be a sort of combination housemaid and missionary—the whole story produced by the writer's imagination."

So no wonder Conrad dislikes having his personal habits discussed in public. One would almost as soon be accused of being a wild young man who never gets home till three o'clock in the morning as to be cited as an excessively model citizen who goes around trying to uplift people. You know how popular a man like that is! And you've only to meet Conrad to know that such a charge is perfectly idiotic.

He's just a regular fellow who lives in a nine o'clock town—well, anyway, a ten o'clock one.

You Bet the Camera Lies

(*Continued from page* 8)

scenes in 'Robin Hood' were done in that way.

"Still another camera trick creates height where no height exists. Suppose you are working in a studio the ceiling of which is thirty feet high. Your script calls for a church of the seventeenth century, the spire of which is ninety feet from the ground.

"You build the lower part of your church in accordance with reality. From the front it looks like a roofless church. Then, right in front of the camera, you place a little card-board steeple, painted realistically. When the camera grinds, it shoots a completed church, spire in place, with every appearance of reality.

"The camera lies in many other ways, especially in photographing women. Sometimes the most beautiful women photograph poorly. They look cold and uninteresting, the tinge of gold in their hair is lost in the photography. And a very unhandsome woman, who may possess the trick of getting some character into her face will photograph like the proverbial million dollars.

"The camera lies. Don't fool yourself about that. You can never tell what reality is when you see it through the eye of the camera."

Sonny Boy Temperamental

(*Continued from page* 11)

kids?" and he hurried away, deaf to the entreaties of the director.

It was late. The men and boys were tired from their exertions, and the director sighed as he thought of another day wasted.

"One more chance, Sonny," he said. "Are you going to be a good boy and turn the switch?"

"Naw," growled Sonny.

"All right. That's all for today, boys."

The electricians snapped out the lights, the property man gathered up the scattered "props," and the boys ran whooping toward the dressing rooms. All but Sonny. He sat and watched the men put on their coats, and the cameraman fold up his camera and pack it away.

Then, as the director turned to leave, Sonny got up briskly, walked over to the door, and with a beatific smile turned the switch!

"Can you beat it?" groaned the director.

constant trial to his director.
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Bill Hart's Magic Kiss

(*Continued from page* 18)

Once a little blonde girl made her appearance at the Hart studio. They told Bill she was the wife of a cameraman, that she had a little baby daughter, that she was clever, and that she needed work. Hart saw her. He decided at once that Miss Novak's wistful appeal, her naturalness, her feminine charm, together with her fearlessness in outdoor sports, would make her an ideal leading woman for a western star. Miss Novak as a result played more leads with Hart than anybody else has done. When she left him, she became a star in her own right, and there is little doubt that she will maintain this position, for she has excellent grounding in experience as well as ability and willingness to work hard.

Odd as it seems now, Katherine MacDonald only four short years ago was known only as Mary MacLaren's sister! She played small parts and bits for some time. Then Hart saw her in a picture, was taken with her beauty and talent, and engaged her as leading woman. She appeared in four or five pictures with him. Romantic whispers were abroad that the two were engaged, but nothing came of the reports, and Miss MacDonald left Hart to play in a couple of pictures with Famous Players, immediately after which she became a star at the head of the Katherine MacDonald Productions, and she has been a star ever since.

Just what Bill Hart will do next remains to be seen. In the meantime all the younger leading women are breathlessly crouching for a spring at the job of being his leading lady.

Will the magic kiss still work?

Why Harold Lloyd Married Mildred Davis

(*Continued from page* 21)

He showed me that room once, when I was at his home spending the evening.

"Harold, are you sure you aren't engaged?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said Harold airily. "I just have this room for the use of the young ladies who come to our parties here!"

Harold is a home-loving person. The house is that sort of house. It doesn't look big and barren and handsome and cold, like so many houses. It all seems warm and lived-in, somehow.

Harold and Mildred have rarely been separated since she signed her contract with him. At one time she and her mother went with Harold and his brother to New York. They had a wonderful time.

Next time Harold went to New York alone. He was very brave about it. He was going to be gone two months. It was just before Thanksgiving.

I saw Mildred at that time. She laughed and said that Harold was scampering home for Thanksgiving, after all.

CAME rumors that the two were engaged, a few weeks ago, with newspapers printing the story. It was loudly denied by everybody.

But a week before the wedding, the engagement was announced.

And then the marriage occurred.

Harold says that Mildred is to leave the screen.

"I want my home life my own," he said. "These film marriages may be all right sometimes, but often they aren't."

Mildred has made a remarkable success. She was getting a large salary with her own company when she was married.

Will she really abandon her career?

Prize for Cure of Kleig Eyes

(*Continued from page* 10)

studio, is an increasingly weighty problem to the cinema, causing an immense amount of suffering and loss of time to the actors, and losses in the aggregate of hundreds of thousands of dollars to the producers.

"This loss necessarily has been a charge upon picture-goers, and in their interest, as much as in the interest of the actors, Goldwyn makes this present standing offer.

"While the offer of reward is particularly called to the attention of the medical profession and illumination experts, it is not limited to them, and may be won by any person or persons fulfilling the conditions as follows:

"First: That the device, method, or formula for which the prize is claimed, must, after thorough tests under actual working conditions, be found a certain preventative of ocular affections caused by light.

"Second: That the appliance or formula shall not interfere with production methods in common use now or at the time of claiming the reward.

"Third: That the discovery or invention shall first be submitted exclusively to the Goldwyn Corporation, which agrees to make the benefits available to the entire motion picture profession.

"Fourth: That the determination as to whether any applicant for the reward has complied with the conditions shall rest solely and exclusively with Goldwyn.

"Fifth: That the offer is made in good faith with a view to the best interests of the players, public and pictures."

The offer for the prevention of Kleig Eyes has been sent to medical and scientific journals throughout the world.

Beautiful French Girl Will Play "Trilby"

(*Continued from page* 9)

ever seen. It was, we thought, a fairly conservative question and one that would not embarrass digestion.

"I like it," she replied quietly with even greater reserve than before, and promptly became silent.

Then, for some curious reason, we commenced to talk about New York—what a bleak, forbidding mass of iron and stone it was, or what a dwelling place of light; how there was no spot on God's earth that could be more friendly or more unfriendly, as the case might be . . . It was a favorite subject.

While we talked, her cool eyes were watching us calmly—the absolute token of a perfect listener and a wonderful companion, and we felt a mood of real understanding and sympathy.

"Yes," she nodded quietly, when we had finished "When I firs' see New York, I think—eet ees all *life*—or *death*."

HER EYES, as she spoke, contracted a moment in a light of pain—the expression of one who had known the world when it wasn't any too friendly.

New York—all life or death! This French girl of only eighteen years of age, but recently arrived in America, had said it all, it seemed to us, in a phrase. All life or death!

Well, we thought, as we took our leave of her and wished her luck at Hollywood—where she is now, acting "Trilby" before the camera—Mr. Tully was no gambler at all. He is betting on an absolutely sure thing, and it is our honest opinion that he is going to win.

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The Girl Who Came Back

(*Continued from page* 24)

That third night they began the last lap of their journey. They made it easily, and although they were weary from hunger, footsore and breathless, they smiled as they ran across a lot toward an old house, a house from which the paint peeled off, standing on a lawn covered with high grass and weeds.

"Gad, I hope I can find the key," No. 648 whispered. "I don't want to have to break away a window. It will make too much noise."

He searched in the darkness, stumbling at last upon a large rock behind a bush. Presently he seized the key, and the two men hurried up the porch and opened the door.

Within all was dark. The furniture was covered with dust, an old bronze figure stood on the table of the living room. Both sighed with relief as they looked around and found the room empty. For the present, at least, they were safe!

No. 648 roamed about, noting that everything was in its place. Apparently no one had entered the old house since the day of his arrest, nearly three years before. He was feeling about the room, touching each piece of furniture as if sensing the presence of an old friend, when the flicker of a light made him look up. Ray stood in the window, lighting a cigarette.

No. 648 dashed across the room and knocked the light from Ray's hand.

"For God's sake, be careful!" he cried. "Do you want to go back to that hell-hole? Go on upstairs and wash. I'll go through the closets and see what clothes I can find."

Ray obeyed. No. 648 stood in the darkness for a moment, then followed his confederate up the stairs. He found him in a bedroom, opening drawers.

"I left several suits in the closet here, No. 648 said.

He opened the wardrobe door. The clothing, heavy with dust, moth eaten, but with the creases still in the trousers, hung from pegs.

"You dress first," he suggested. "I'll roam around a bit."

RAY WAS already tearing off the hated convict garb as No. 648 quit the room. The latter hurried down the stairs, and as he came to the foot, he hesitated, looked back, and then began feeling along the side of the wall. His finger-tips found a panel, he tapped it, found a spring. The panel slid open.

At that moment Ray opened the door of the bedroom. He looked down, saw No. 648 standing before the open panel, saw him take an iron box from the cache. Ray stood motionless for a moment, although he was so excited that his hands trembled.

No. 648 had not seen him. Ray drew back, took the key from the bedroom door, slipped it into his pocket, and then, with no pretense of concealment, descended the stairs.

By the time Ray came within the view of No. 648, the box had been concealed, the panel was shut, No, 648 stood with his back to the wall, as if concealing the hidden cache. Ray was jaunty as he passed No. 648.

"How do you like this fit?" he asked No. 648. He pointed to his coat, which was wrinkled and hung loosely.

He could sense No. 648's relief. The other apparently believed his secret was safe.

"It'll do," No. 648 replied, rather sharply. "But let me tell you something," he added. "It isn't safe for us to be together. You've got your clothes. Now strike out for yourself."

Ray whirled around, pretending surprise, although he had foreseen this development.

"But where'll I go?" he asked.

"I don't know. That's for you to find out. But you'll have to be on your way. I can take care of myself here, but I can't take care of you." He eyed Ray grimly and lifted his arm as if to point to the door.

"Well, if you feel that way . . . " Ray said. He shrugged his shoulders.

No. 648 accompanied him to the door. There Ray proffered his hand. The other accepted the grasp, nodded. "Good-bye," he said simply. Then he shut the door. He locked it carefully, examined the fastening, seemed satisfied that it had not been tampered with, and returned to the interior of the house.

April rain was pouring out of the skies a few weeks later as Sheila Weston hurried down the shabby west side New York street on which she lived. She found the door of the tumble-down private house open and climbed the rickety steps slowly. At the first landing she met a tired-eyed little girl whose unkempt hair fell about her thin shoulders.

"Hello, Anna," she greeted the girl.

"Oh, Miss Weston, I'm glad I met you. I was goin' to tell you, the landlady had *some* duck for dinner tonight. I'll try to snitch the neck for you."

Sheila smiled wanly and patted the girl's shoulder. A door flew open. Mrs. Muldoon herself appeared.

"Anastasia!" she cried.

"Yes. ma'am." The girl hurried away, stumbling in her ill-fitting shoes.

"It's time for you to go to bed. You've got to be up at five tomorrow. The attic needs cleaning."

"Yes, ma'am," Anastasia replied automatically.

Sheila climbed three more flights to the top floor hall room. She was breathless, tired, as she fumbled with the knob of her bedroom door. She took off her dripping hat in the dark and tossed it on the bed. In the dim flare of the match with which she was lighting the gas, she saw a figure sitting before the gas stove at the single window. She drew back, stifling a scream. Ray Underhill! He had found her!

(*Continued next week*)

Rev. Straton Hits Movies

(*Continued from page* 5)

Opposed to the movies as a means of amusement, because he thinks they are corrupting our moral fibre, and unwilling to accept any kind of censorship as a way to bring morality to this universal manner of entertainment, Doctor Straton placed himself on record as desiring the annihilation of the industry.

"Of course, I can see the advantages of non-theatrical movies and I am now bending some efforts towards helping in this field. The motion picture does present an ideal medium for the distribution of wholesome, beneficial knowledge. It can be used to great advantage in schools and churches and in the world of commerce. But, in the hands of people who are using the pictures merely to exploit sex, divorce, wild parties, lawless passions and luxury, and the gutters of life, the films at once become a world-destroying bomb in the hands of a madman," he declared.

Movie Weekly always realized that the silver screen has its enemies as well as admirers. Ever since the origin of the business several years ago, certain people, and groups of people, have taken advantage of every unfortunate episode connected with the films to cry out against them. Some of these cries have been made in vague terms. Some have been clear-cut and aimed at certain specific things in movieland. Doctor Straton now ranks among those enemies of the movies who deliberately charge the silver screen with being a force for immorality in the world today.

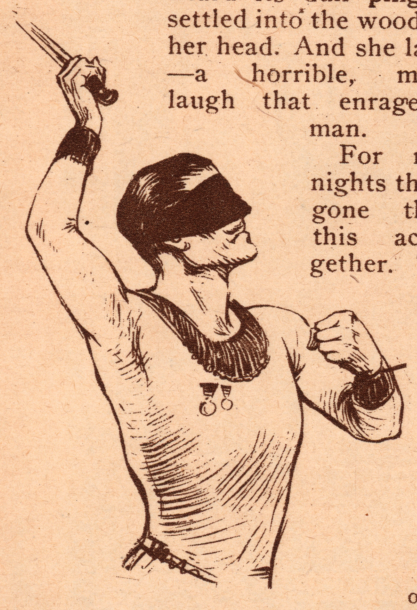
I HAVE no doubt but that he is sincere in his feelings. This is one reason why we approached him. Another reason was that we hoped he might be able to point out a remedy, if a remedy is really needed, for some of the alleged immorality in the pictures. Unfortunately, he advocates crushing the films out of existence. Such a thing will not, and cannot happen, because there are too many millions of right-thinking people who will emphatically disagree with his finding of wholesale guilt against the motion pictures. Consequently his advice on this matter is not practical. However, he has made some startling charges against the pictures, and their destructive influence on American morals. These charges could be very ably refuted, I am sure, by any man or woman who finds wholesome entertainment in screen plays. But it occurs to us that Doctor Straton's charges should be answered by a man like himself—a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord.

So—in an early issue Movie Weekly will print the opinion of a well-known New York minister who is an honest-to-goodness movie fan, and who will try to show Doctor Straton wherein his attitude towards the movies is wrong.

"The Jade — She Mocks Me!"

WITH sudden fury, he aimed to kill. He would show her he was not a man to be fooled and betrayed. He would pierce that soft, white throat of her's—pierce it with one of his keen steel knives. Just an inch to the right or the left, just the tiniest curve in his aim—and he would be avenged.

She saw his face and read his purpose. She heard the soft whizz of the knife as it cut through the air. She heard its dull **ping** as it settled into the wood above her head. And she laughed—a horrible, mocking laugh that enraged the man.



For many nights they had gone through this act together. They were the sensation of the music halls. It pleased the public fancy; a pretty woman who risked her life that her husband might earn a living. They did not know that the woman was unfaithful. They did not know that the man hated her.

And now, as though he had suddenly come to life, they heard the man shout, "The jade—she mocks me!" They saw the keen knife poised. They saw the woman throw back her head and laugh. Death stalked in through the door . . . unseen, unwelcomed. Tragedy held up a warning finger. But still the woman laughed, mocking, unafraid.

There is probably no author in literature who has dared to write of the things that Guy de Maupassant tells in his startling stories. In "The Artist" he writes fearlessly of a woman who defied all conventions; of the husband who sought a strange revenge. When you have completed this unusual story you will realize that it could not have ended in any other way—that de Maupassant knew human nature and portrayed it truthfully.

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"M'sieur, Babette has again been . . ."

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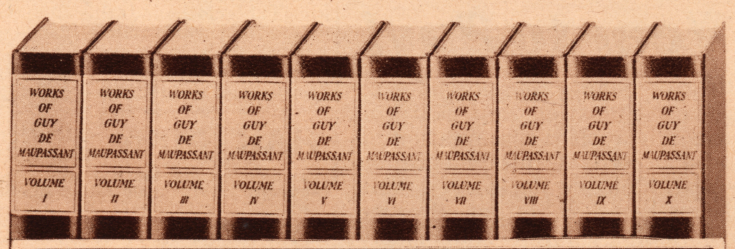

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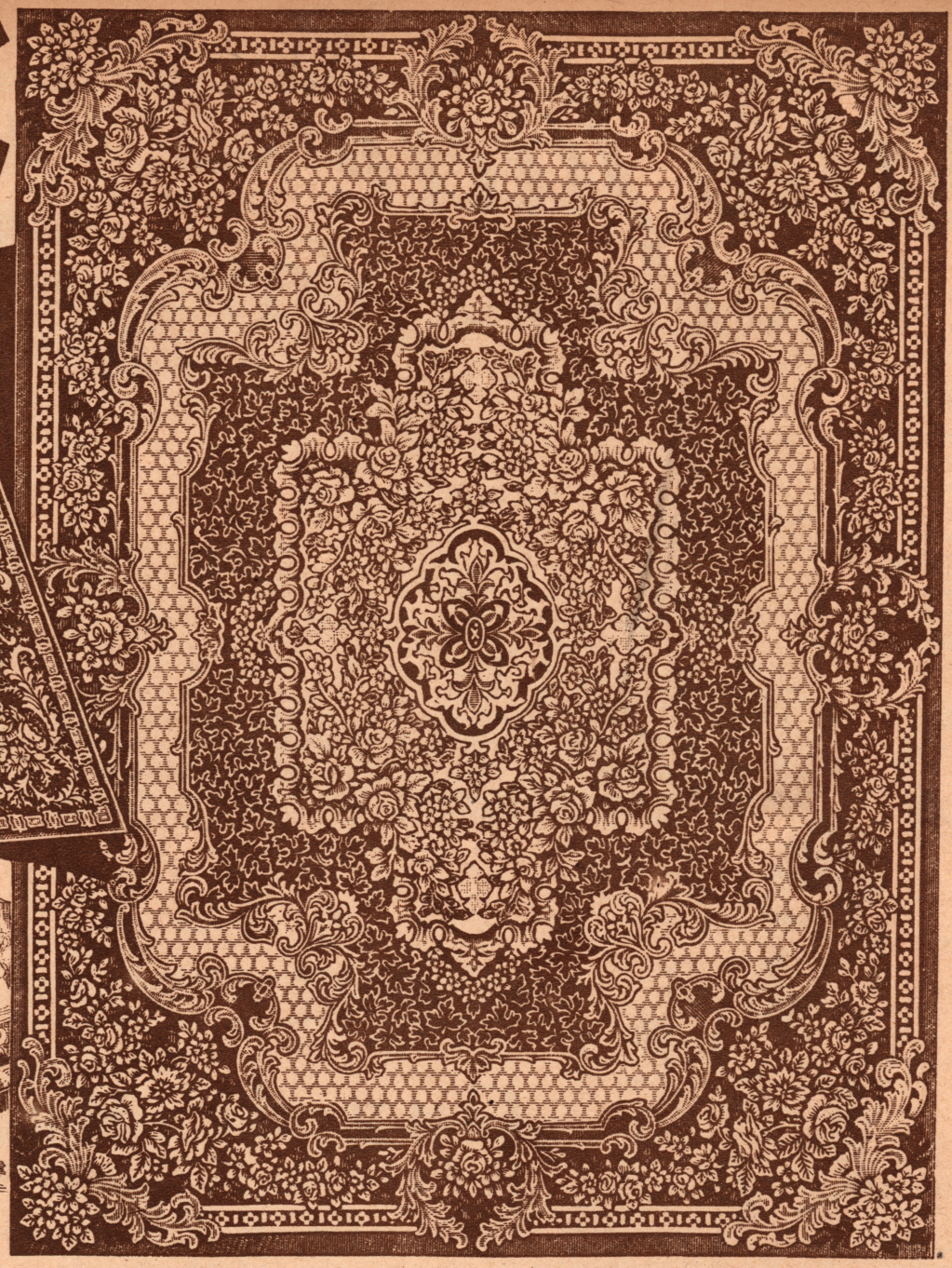

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